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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MRS. CHRISTIANA B. COWELL,

CONSORT OF

REV. D. B. COWELL,

WHO DIED IN LEBANON, MAINE, OCT. 8. 1862,

AGED 41 YEARS.



Though dead, she speaketh.



BIDDEFORD :

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1872.

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PREFACE.

WHILE, with astonishment, we behold the mighty cataract, as it leaps from its rocky bed; or gaze on the rushing stream, as it dashes and foams down the mountain side; or, with wonder, look at the deep, broad river, as its waters move along to old ocean's bed, we almost forget the beautiful, meandering stream, as it silently moves along in the meadows below, giving life to vegetation, and causing, in harvest, the husbandman to leap for joy,—so, while in amazement we hear of the heroic deeds of warriors, who have slain their thousands, and stained many a battle-field with blood; or the brave sons of the ocean, who, to gain renown, have pushed their discoveries far into the ice-bound regions, in suffering and often death; or the man who, to gain the glittering toys of earth, has endured hardships and

encountered dangers, on the sea and land, we have almost forgotten the placid, silent influence of the female who has toiled through life to throw a healthful atmosphere around community, and especially the young, where her lot has been cast.

It has been the work of the subject of our sketch to live for the good of others, by her words of cheer, and comfort, and admonition, and throw around the giddy youth the words of love which have drawn many to the Saviour's arms; and through them mighty victories have been won, and many brought to the feet of Prince Immanuel.

Why not publish to the world what woman in her humble sphere has done, and is capable of doing, to benefit the world and redeem it to God? This noble purpose the writer of this sketch has in view in its publication, hoping it may do good in encouraging the young early to choose wisdom's way and walk in the path of virtue, which is the only path of safety, and to cheer on those mothers who are toiling along life's

rough and stormy way, until they shall gain that Heaven of rest which God has prepared for his people.

By the earnest solicitations of friends this imperfect sketch appears before the public;—imperfect, indeed, because when written, it was expected that but a small portion of it would ever go in print, and when collected and re-written, it has been done in haste, and many valuable productions have been lost or destroyed. Therefore we hope the critic's eye will pass by its imperfections, and only gather the good it was designed to do in its publication.

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a visible texture and is covered with numerous small, dark specks and dust particles. There are also some larger, faint stains and discolorations, particularly towards the bottom center and right edge. The overall appearance is that of a well-preserved but old piece of paper.

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MRS. CHRISTIANA B. COWELL.

MAJOR COFFIN was among the first settlers of the town of Alton, New Hampshire. He took up a large tract of land of what was then a wilderness, and after much hard toil succeeded in clearing it up and bringing it into a good state of cultivation. He raised a large family of children, who were early taught to labor and endure many hardships, which were common to those hardy pioneers who first broke the wilds of rugged New England, but which are almost wholly unknown to us, living among all the comforts and privileges of the present day. But the labors among the rugged hills and on the rocky farms, raised up strong and sturdy

sons and healthy, vigorous daughters. Major Coffin had the pleasure to see nearly all of his children married and settled around him within a circuit of a few miles of the paternal home. By the religious teachings and prayers of a pious mother, and by surrounding christian influences, all these children sought and found their Saviour. The youngest of these sons, Stephen, married Deborah Philbrick, an estimable young lady, daughter of one of the pioneer settlers of Sanbornton, New Hampshire, and settled near his father's farm in Alton. His second daughter, Christiana,—the subject of this sketch,—was born September 24th, 1821.

The path of her childhood was often crossed with the many shadows of little trials, doubts, fears, grievances, and all the perplexities—so large to them—which are incident to the childhood of us all; yet, amid it all, she always preserved a sunny temper. Reared in her country home, among the hills and dales of the "Switzerland of America," where Nature has so lavishly bestowed her varieties and beauties, she spent

some of the happiest moments of her youth in roaming through fields and woods, playing by the laughing brooks, mocking the singing birds, driving the cattle off to pasture at early dawn, when a few faint streaks of sunlight streamed over the eastern horizon, and again driving them home in the still twilight.

While others shut their eyes, and could see nothing attractive in the opening flowers, the murmuring brooks, the warbling birds, the fleecy clouds, the stars, moon and sun, she saw loveliness and beauty painted on them by the fingers of a Divine Workman; and, no doubt, that in these days of childhood, spent in communion with Nature, she drank in many of those beautiful strains and lofty themes, which, in after-life flowed so freely from her pen and spread such a sweetness over her whole life.

When she was seven years of age, her father moved to Dover, New Hampshire. Here, he and Deacon Jenness built a house, part of which they dedicated for the worship of God. It was a place where many of the

servants of God preached the Gospel. It was in this bethel that the long-to-be-remembered Rev. Elias Hutching once preached during one of his preaching tours. He was listened to by the young Christiana, who said that then she began to feel that she was a great sinner, and there she sought and found the Saviour, to the great rejoicing of her heart, being then only eight years old.

At the return of her father, who had been absent a few days, she ran to meet him, and clasping him, exclaimed, "Pa, I have found Jesus! Why hadn't you told me he was so good? If you had, I should have sought him before." She now commenced her Christian life. She not only had the privilege of hearing the gospel preached from Sabbath to Sabbath, but also here she could mingle her voice with converts in prayer and praise; she also had nursing fathers and mothers, who took her by the hand and aided her along the Christian path. Her father remained in Dover some more than a year longer, where her youthful mind had the privilege of attending school and advancing

and exploring the hidden treasures in the field of knowledge.

She was so diligent in her studies, and made so much improvement, that her teacher gave to her a class in English Grammar and Parsing, for her to hear their recitations. And thus she continued serving the Lord with a full purpose of heart and training her mind for future usefulness.

When eleven years of age, she with an elder sister followed their Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, in Alton, whither her father had returned. She always considered it as one of the happiest days of her life; and who does not feel that the day when they follow the example of their Saviour is a happy day, and can almost hear the voice of God saying, "I am well pleased"? The administrator of this ordinance, and wife, in after years wrote as follows, dated at Brunswick, Me., Jan. 30th, 1856:—

SISTER CHRISTIANA,—After so many long years of absence, I take this opportunity to address you by the way of a short epistle. I

thank you for your epistle by the way of your father, who called on us a few weeks since. Indeed, we were glad to see him. It is about twenty years, with one exception, since we last saw him. I have not seen nor heard from you since we met down by that delightful *pond of water* where you and your sister took upon you your baptismal vow; that vow, I trust, you have regarded until now. Amen. May the Lord keep you and yours until the coming kingdom of Jesus Christ. In your letter you tell us of the death of your dear mother. Oh, how many times I have thought of that dear woman! As God blessed her, so may He bless her dear children and husband whom she has left behind. Also, in your letter, you tell us that you have lost near and dear little ones. May the Lord help you to bear up under this affliction, for affliction indeed it is; we know how to sympathize with you for we have lost our all,—the greatest affliction we ever met with,—but say, as Jesus said concerning the cross, "Thy will, and not mine, be done."

Dear Sister Christiana,—If you and I meet no more on the shores of time, I hope we shall be so unspeakably happy as to meet in the Heavenly Jerusalem. We know to enter the Kingdom of Heaven must be through much tribulation. Let us put on the whole armor,

my dear sister, and face the enemy. God will give the victory. Amen! Hallelujah! God gives the victory. Let your alms and your prayers come up before the Lord as a sweet sacrifice — as life unto life.

Please say to your husband, Preach Jesus, at the sacrifice of property, wife or children, if it be necessary. Those who are found faithful unto the end, will hear from their Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant." I must say farewell.

ANDREW ROLLINS.

A few extracts from a letter written by his wife :—

"DEAR SISTER CHRISTIANA,— We are glad to hear from you, although years have passed away since we saw you; notwithstanding, you have not been forgotten. Many changes have taken place since we parted with you in Alton, on the day when you followed Christ in the ordinance of baptism. We have never forgotten the season, and have frequently spoken of it to friends, and we are glad to learn that you are still pursuing the journey. We hope soon to see the end of the race, and meet in the new Jerusalem, where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, will be felt and feared no more. I

will close wishing you all the grace that is needful to carry you through the cares and trials of this life and bring you safe at home to dwell with Christ. Oh, I long for that day—the day when the saints will be clothed in immortal bloom to die no more. HULDAH ROLLINS.

After her baptism she went on her way rejoicing, attending meetings with her parents, where her voice was often heard in singing praises to God, and exhorting all around to fall in love with her dear Saviour. When not thus engaged, she was improving her mind by study, training herself for a still higher usefulness in the cause of her Redeemer.

Many were brought to Christ through her virtuous life and example, her tender pleadings, and earnest, fervent prayers. Thus passed the years of her youth, crowded with sorrows and sadness; but yet all these clouds were silver-lined with the many joys and pleasures which she found in nature, education, youth and religion. The following is related of her when she was a small girl: "One day she went into the field with

her sister and father. Her father was planting corn, and he brought them to drop it for him. Finding more kernels in a hill than he had ordered, he became angry, and struck Christiana a blow on the side of her head. She calmly and sadly looked him in the face and said, "Father, I think you have done wrong; I did not do it,—it was sister." Her father said that the rebuke was so gentle and Christian-like that it pierced him to the heart, and it was always the hardest cross he ever took up to pray in her presence." Her father's house was always open to the weary pilgrim, of every name, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and his granary was always open to feed their horses. Thus Christiana had the privilege of drinking from the stream, whose waters make glad the city of our God; she took great delight in waiting on the servants of the Most High; and often she would sit up until a late hour in the night, braiding hats, that she might earn something to give to the poor, or a small gift to the servants of Christ, to encourage them to still labor in the Master's Vineyard.

The writer well remembers, during the first visit he ever made there, in company with a minister of the Gospel, that on the last morning before their leave they all bowed before the family altar, where the Scriptures were read and prayer offered every morning. After several had invoked the Divine blessing, Christiana, in an earnest, humble prayer, asked her Heavenly Father to remember in a special manner his servants, and as they went forth to labor for the salvation of the world, to go with them and give them success. A few years after, her father, desiring to give her and the rest of his children better advantages for an education, moved to Wolfeboro', New Hampshire, and settled by the beautiful Lake Winnipisseogee ("smile of the Great Spirit"). Here our youthful friend rejoiced to think that she could drink larger draughts from the fount of knowledge. She was so studious, improved each moment so well, and performed so faithfully each laborious task, that she soon obtained the position of an assistant in the academy. But her bright hopes, her glowing prospects,

her youthful aspirations were soon to be clouded, for a Christian mother—the best friend on earth—was about to take her departure for the spirit-land. We will now copy a few extracts from her pen:

THE MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY CRADLE-SIDE.

ON the shore of the beautiful lake in the Granite State, called the "Smile of the Great Spirit," was our early home. The advantages of the literary institution there, and all the facilities that parental love and faithfulness could secure for our improvement, together with the truly grand and picturesque scenery of the locality, rendered ours indeed a happy, quiet, rural home. Though bright and balmy was life's morning, clouds were soon stealing down its horizon, and casting deep and long shadows along our path. Our mother was changing. Her step was becoming slow and feeble, her eye large and languid, her words few and sometimes slightly mournful in tone of utterance.

She was long conscious of the unyielding grasp of disease upon her, yet had not spoken freely of her convictions, until the evening to which this sketch refers. The Sabbath day was closing, and the family were sitting silently in the gray twilight, or moving with muffled tread about the house. Who can define that mysterious awe which pervades the household when sickness comes? That spell-like power, that holds the floating thought, till a vivid consciousness of the inner being and its solemn destinies is fully aroused, and the heretofore idolized treasures of earthly vanity dwindle to a point.

It was at such an impressive hour that a request was whispered among us, from our mother, to come to her room. Four in number, we quietly took our seats around the open fire where she was sitting.

I see her still, as on that night,
Reclining in that large armed-chair,
While on her face, the taper light
Showed death and heaven soft blended there.

"Children," she said, "I wish to see you all together. I shall soon leave you. You cannot understand how hard it is for me to break away from my own dear children, and go away, and leave them in a world of sin and suffering.

Yet God is able to give me strength ; He knows what is best."

With frequent intervals of rest, in a tremulous voice, she told of life's great responsibilities, its snares and ills. She talked of duties to each other, of care and reverence for our father, who, in addition to the family charge soon to double upon him, had felt the commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," and above all a preparation to meet her again where sickness and death could never come.

Tears and sobs were all the response we were able to make. These told her how deeply her words were sinking into our hearts, and how painful was the rending of the ties that bound us. After a pause for rest, she turned to her son, then about fifteen years of age, who had taken a low seat by her side, and taking his hand in one of her's, and resting the other upon his head, she said,—

"My dear boy, I have no hope, no assurance that we shall meet again. How often I have counselled you, and prayed for you. I can do no more. You still choose the path of sin and death. If you pursue this fatal road, I shall never see you again. Must I give you up? O my son, my only son!"

Here her voice, hitherto calm while all

around her wept, was lost in the surging of her own grief. She bowed her head upon her hands and yielded to the tide of tenderness and emotion with which we were all overwhelmed. Mother, whose eyes rest on this page, hath ever stood on life's outer verge, where the hoarse murmur of the death wave came rising up from beneath, while around you, clinging to your garments and drawing upon your heart-strings, were your children entreating your stay? As you have turned your eyes to the further shore, seen the pilots in waiting, and the golden gates opening to receive you into their everlasting joys, and have there and then remembered that not *all* your children had secured a passport to that glorious city?

Then take with you that experience, and enter with me that solemn room, for you can understand the depths from which come up those moans so plaintive, so faint and low that nothing lives betwixt them and silence. O., for strength for this hour, she says, once more to pray. This will be the last; I feel it must be so. Slowly she sinks to the attitude of prayer, all of us following her example, while she pours forth her full soul, with a trembling pathos and earnest tenderness as make every heart thrill with emotions never to be forgotten. It was indeed the last. Maternal love's last throbbing.

"You are no longer mine," she said, some days after this event, as she seemed rapidly sinking in death. "I have given you all to God. My work is done. Whatever be your end my soul will rest in peace. I am only waiting my hour."

As the weary to his rest, as the pilgrim to his home, as the loving heart to its treasure, so passed our mother into heaven, joyful and triumphant.

Long years have passed, bearing us onward deep into life's toils and conflicts, where the heart is often fainting, while

Duty, duty, is the sound,
To which we tramp life's battle-ground.

From amid the dust and heat of such a standpoint, how sweet to look far back to that dear home hearth, to see that large armed-chair slowly moving to and fro in the fire-light, with its precious burden, a pale, shadowy remnant of my mother; frail cage, containing a large full fledged soul, all-winged for its homeward flight, and scattering down to us as she rises, love gems, to be worn ever as sweet memorials in our bosoms. How sweet to pause amid the noise of busy life, and listen to the hallowed tones of that last prayer, as they come vibrating up through the depths of twenty years,

and sweep over our spirit chords, waking soul-inspiring melody. Even now we see that altar of consecration, on which are lain a mother's heart-treasures, all quivering and bleeding, just torn from the parent bosom that can claim them no longer. I see the offering of tears poured out upon the sacrifice, and over all and mingled therewith I see the sweet incense of filial love and divine trust now rising, a snowy cloud circling, still circling the throne of the Eternal One, sweet token of acceptance there.

Yes, it did find acceptance there. The son for whom she plead, for some years resisted the influences gathered around him. Still her memory hung over him and repelled the returning angel, until he yielded fully to the Spirit's power. Such were his self-reproaches and contrition, that he exclaimed, "Oh, what a sinner! Oh, my mother, could she but pray for me. Could she hear me ask forgiveness for the grief I have caused her to feel."

The wounded spirit found the true balm at the foot of the cross and was healed. Who shall say that his angel mother shared not in the "more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine that need no repentance!"

POETRY ON FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Tell me, who can, where friendship reigns,—
Where hate and envy never gains
Ascendency of love ;
Where virtue takes imperial sway,
And all the passions every day
In sweet accordance move.

I asked the gay and sprightly throng,
Who seemed to be in union strong,
If friendship true was there ;
Each paused, and sighed, and dropped a tear,
And said, "True friendship is not here,
But dwells we know not where."

I asked the youth of riper years,
When suddenly a flow of tears
Was falling to the ground ;
And, turning to a cruel maid,
Who once had won his heart, he said,
"Friendship I have not found."

I asked the maid of lovely hue,
If she would show me friendship true ;
But soon her heart was grieved,
And, turning to a perjured youth,
While sighing, spoke the solemn truth,
"Alas! I was deceived."

I asked for friendship of the sage,
He looked upon my youthful age,
And sighing, did exclaim,
"Dear youth, thou oft on earth must sigh,
For disappointments, ever nigh,
Mingled with bitter pain."

By many long revolving years,
He learnt this is a vale of tears—
A scene of human woe.
In vain we seek for friendship here
Although it's shadows oft appear,
And oft they from us go.

It is not he whose flattering mind
Would fain my thoughts defend,—
Whose friendship from some interest springs,
That I would call my friend ;

But he, who would my numerous faults
And my ways seek to mend,
Whose smile would only merit gain :
Him would I call my friend.

He, who in sad misfortune's hour,
Some needful aid would lend,
Nor sink when clouds of sorrow lower :
Him would I call my friend.

Extracts from letters written before her marriage, to the one who became her partner for life :—

AUGUST, 1840.

I received your letter the 3d. You ask me to open my mine freely. It has been a trait inseparable from my nature to be frank and free from disguise. If I know my own heart, (which I find no easy task to learn), I am

willing to let others know it, especially on points of so great moment as forming friendship for life. With your sentiments I feel my heart fully respond. Though friendship, so sweet a cordial to the wounded heart; so bright a sun in the moral world; so tender yet strong a bond, that cements, or rather connects the human family,—so valuable though it be, is known or felt in its purity by few, so it seems to me. Sought from pure disinterested motives, so firm that time and circumstance can never shake. Really, Sir, I have sometimes felt that there was none in all the earth,—that the pure stream had all gone back to its fountain-head, and existed only among the guileless throng in heaven. Dear Sir, from my childhood my whole aim has been to go far up the hill of science. I have ever felt I could make any earthly sacrifice at learning's happy shrine, if I may use the expression. I started with light foot and happy heart to explore the scientific regions, but Providence intervened, has stopped me long enough to look at my motives, to prize my privileges, and now I feel I may begin again. It is true there are moments when I feel alone. My mother, my truest friend, is gone; and I, unprotected, unguided, exposed to the thousand dangers of a delusive world. Yet these feelings drive me to seek

refuge 'neath the wing of Him who has redeemed me. Securely nestled there, I feel that the storms of life may lower around me, the invading foe assail me, but in vain. "I can view alike their dawn and close." For I hear his voice through the tempest, "Lo, I am with you." Amid the conflicts in which my soul is sometimes near sinking, and I feel that I must fall by the hand of mine enemy, I hear him saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee." In the world tribulation, but in me peace. The bright crown of glory that is in store for the weary pilgrims of earth is sometimes waved in my sight, and my spirit rises above its conflicts, and waits for the coming of the Master, to take home his weary bride. I can resign myself into the hands of God, saying, "Thy will, not mine, be done." I know not the path he has marked out for me, if it be life or death, joy or sorrow, suffering or prosperity, I am submissive, if I am but in the hands and service of God. Pray. Pray.

CHRISTIANA B. COFFIN.

MONDAY EVE, Sept., 1840.

I have come away into my chamber to spend a few moments in writing. Oh, it is a most lovely night! The moon looks in upon me so sweetly, and so sadly, too, that I can do little

else than watch her silent march through the clouds. Pardon this introduction. Really such the scene, the associations of this degree or bigness of the moon, that comes over me. "'Twas such a night as this when first my mother slept beneath the turf." 'Twas just where now, the moon that night she hung over the happy dreamless slumberer. Long I gazed from my window, as now I gaze, when my bleeding, writhing heart felt so strange, so soothing power came o'er it, almost as though Nature itself was mourning with me, and the moon shone so peculiarly mild that it calmed the violent stirrings of grief in my bosom, like the kind tones of sympathy and friendship. And I have ever loved a moonlight night; and when I take my pen I can but pour forth the pleasant yet plaintive breathings which it awakens; I want to have my mind elevated above everything of earth. It is sweet to me when I can here bow, and send my whole soul up far above the span-gled vault to the land of the blest, and hold sweet communion with spirits of spotless purity.

But I have felt a great anxiety of late to know of being accepted of God. I have attended the meeting at A. with father. It appeared to be a very powerful meeting. Some of talent and much influence started for a better land. Truly the Lord of Hosts was there.

The "mountains melted before him, and the tall oaks of Bashan bowed at His approach." Oh, how animating to the sinking mind, to see the coming of the Lord among the strong holds of the enemy! the ranks of Zion filling up; the fatal snares of delusion broke, that have long kept in bondage those designed to be mighty champions in the Israel of God! Truly my soul doth wish Mount Zion well, whate'er becomes of me. I feel to trust in God, hoping I may yet praise Him,—Once more come out into broad rivers and streams where the vain winds of doctrine and delusions of earth will no more toss my weak bark. Oh, long, very long, I have been tossing in deep darkness. The heavens seemed clothed in sackcloth, and deaf to my prayers. Though I have seen the moving of God among his people, and the returning of wanderers, and the songs of the redeemed I have heard, and rejoiced for awhile. But I am not low down in the sanctuary of God as in days gone by, where I would weep for the sins of the world, and send up my whole soul at mercy's altar, pleading that the lost might live. Keep humble and pray for me. C. B. C.

Like Rebekah, I have been away weeping before the Lord, and can well nigh adopt her language, "Thine O God, am I. Thy will my

law." I feel a kind of peace steal o'er me as I write, "I will go with the man." Let me live and die in the service of my Lord, and lay my all upon the altar. Oh, for more of the spirit of Him who sacrificed his life for his enemies! Pray without ceasing. Oh, for vital, deep-toned piety!

NOVEMBER 26, 1840.

ABSENT ONE. — I have come away to my chamber, at the declining of this busy day, to hold silent converse with the absent. I suppose you are thinking, now and then, How is C. prospering? How looks and sounds the world to her? &c. I have not time to go into a full detail of the many revolutions in my mind. I sometimes feel like the lone mariner on the deep, whose only guide is ere and anon a glimpse of the North Star, and that often shrouded in deep, thick cloudy cloaks.

But O Heaven, Sweet Heaven! Dear Lord, shall I soon get to Heaven? Oh, I see the port sometimes, D., and wish I were there. Have you had Old Mother Heard's wings of faith lifting you up since I saw you? Yes, I believe with her, that faith has wings. Often we soar on them far upward, till the din of this jarring world dies in the distance, and the strains of celestial harmony strike on our ears. Would

I—yes, we,—live more, yea, altogether, above the groveling, unsatisfying enjoyments of earth! Why dream of bliss unmingled with Heavenly Joys? I want—I seek—none other than that which flows from the exhaustless fount of Heaven's mercies. Would the mind were in us that was in Christ, to live but for the good of the world, and not for the empty charms that it affords. Such a dark, cold night as this think you that—that holy, meek Sufferer lay on the earth in agonizing supplication! The same heavens over us, the same breezes to waft our prayers upward, that bore to the skies the breathing of the Holiest of Holies—of Him who lived but to suffer, who suffered but to save, who saved his foes, or rather suffered for them. Is it not possible to live as free from evil as Him that knew no guile? Is it not possible to stay our spirits on or around Heaven's altar, where they may hold constant communion with God and sister spirits. We were not designed, we know, to scope or rather bound our enjoyments, our labors on earth's small stage. As I have sometimes expressed, we are or may be learning to act a high and conspicuous part on Heaven's high theatre. We may fill us a crown with many gems, dug and gathered though with sorrow and labor from earth's dark, rough, uncouth

quarry, to cast at the feet of Him that sitteth on the throne, to survey the spoils and gains of his stewards as they come in before Him. Oh, what transporting ideas of the victor's conquest, the laborer's harvest, the summer's prize, are passing before my mind ! I am almost desiring to be freed of these burdening clogs that pen in my mind, that I might see more clearly into the mysteries and beauties of the happier state. But I feel my mental faculties so palsied, so ever groping and dwelling among the trivial matters around me, that I have hardly a touch of heavenly energies. When I would soar, I fall back to feel I lack the power.

Did you have young David's God with you last Sabbath ? I felt a good spirit of prayer for you. Oh, live low in the beautiful valley "where the dark storms of envy and folly roll on their billows in vain." In God do I put my trust. He is my rock. Oh, shall I stand so frail a child 'mid all life's billows, and when the world burns ? Oh, Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! I sing, there is our final home.

I hate my sinful self,
I hate my narrow thoughts ;
I wish my slothful mind
With keener powers were fraught.

I long to be engaged
In something good and wise,
And far from groveling sense,
Be soaring toward the skies.

I've been the barren tree,
Content with bearing leaves ;
No fruit is found in me —
My mind no treasure yields.

I feel its emptiness,
And sigh for higher air ;
I long to feel my thoughtlessness
Exchanged for holy prayer."

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

A simple line of friendship
In this fair book I pen,
To wake in thy affections
The memory of thy friend.

And when thy spirit lingers,
With sadly brooding wings,
O'er hours we've spent together
In merry school-day scenes,

Then know that in this bosom
Kind thoughts of thee shall dwell
And prayers that all thy footsteps
By Heaven be guarded well.

May life's resistless sorrow
Around thee gently fall,
And draw thy trusting spirit
To Him who reigns o'er all,

Till death's unwearied pinions
Shall bear thee hence away ;
Then Oh, for a reunion
In the land of endless day.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

At thy request, my gentle friend,
On this fair page a line I pen ;
And hope, as here my name you trace,
'Twill find in thy kind heart a place.

A sunny hour of life's short day
'Mid gladsome smiles we've passed away ;
With prospects fair, and spirits light,
We've sipped at science's fountain bright.

But ah, a cloud comes o'er our brow ;
We know we must be parted now.
Perchance, through life's eventful train,
We ne'er may meet on earth again.

Yet there's a hope we cherish yet,
That when apart we'll not forget,
And when life's pilgrimage is o'er
We'll meet in Heaven to part no more ;

Around God's throne to sing his praise,
And there our holy anthems raise ;
With golded harps with angels sing,
And make the Heavenly arches ring.

LINES BY THE LAKE-SIDE.—JAN. 5, 1841.

TO MY LONG-LOVED AND EVER-TO-BE-REMEMBERED C. B. C.

This placid lake, so gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life :
As full of peace and purity,
As free from storm and strife.

No ripple on its tranquil breast,
That dies not with the day ;
No pebble in its darkest depths
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form,
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
No mirrored mirage lies.

So be thy spirit ever pure,—
To God, to virtue given,—
And thought, and word, and action bear
The imagery of Heaven.

P. C. F.

TO D. B. COWELL.

She is thine ; the word is spoken ;
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Though all other ties be broken,
Time these bonds will never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness
From the altar's holy shrine ;
Oh ! remember, in her sadness
She is thine, and only thine.

In so fair a temple never
Aught of ill can hope to come ;
Good will strive, and striving ever,
Make so poor a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,
Say that care should cloud that brow ;
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou !

P. C. F.

CONCISE JOURNAL FROM THE NUP- TIAL DAY.

January 5th, 1841.—Gave my hand to the Rev. D. B. Cowell. It was a scene to me solemn and affecting ; the crescent moon hung dimly shrouded in vapor, just over my mother's grave ; the guests assembled with smiling faces, stood around lavishing their good wishes. Ay, I stood a bride, where all around was bright ; but Oh, I wept. Why should a blessed bride be sad ? Ay, thick and dark were the groups of thoughts that came trooping up the mind that night. I thought of long-tried friends, that I might never meet again ; I thought of the loved resorts at my lonely hours, the parent's parting blessing — they give me up forever to another. It was too much for a heart so young as mine. Oh, let me weep, I sighed, and turned away

from the cheerful throng, and sought again my loved retreat, to pour out to God my swelling soul, and wisdom seek to guide in the adventurous, untried scenes before me. Long I plead with Heaven, until a calm unearthly radiance shone around, and my whole soul whispered, Thy will, O God, be done. Guide my youthful soul.

Wednesday.—The relatives of my new companion leave for L. Am left alone to the indulgence of my own thoughts and tender recollections. Mr. C. spends the most of the day in my society in conversation and reading.

Thursday.—He leaves to attend some meetings.

Friday.—I go to the Bridge to the protracted meeting—interesting scene. In the evening, at home, very sad, thinking of the dear associates with whom I had often met in the school-room, that I had taken leave of during the day, with the consciousness that the last day of such enjoyment was past. Although the dear friends at home sat by me, they saw not the tear, and little thought of the tenderness with which my heart was bursting as I thought of the past and the future. Shall I leave on this page a faint description of that evening? I stood by my father's kitchen window, the stars were twinkling, the moon slowly arose above the hills,

casting her long shadow along the street; the war of a distant stream came up over the hill, swelled by the recent thaw, and made a low, mournful music on the still air. Again and again I looked far down the street to see the expected return of my nearest friend, with whom my destiny was now forever linked. A little across the fields, where two mighty oaks were waving in the moonbeams, slept in a long and dreamless slumber my own dear mother. I was bidding a long adieu to my loved resort by her mouldering dust. The reflections of the past, the murmuring water, the delayed return of my friend, the glimpse at the graveyard, all combined filled my heart with feelings I may not write. Oh, that night how sad yet pleasant the retrospect!

Saturday.—Mr C. returns, goes with me to the C. Chapel, to the conference to which I had been long united, and with whom I knew my meetings were now few. Had a very affecting time. Asked for a letter of dismissal. Yet I feel that Christian church with whom I had been in joys and trials was dear to my heart. Many were the Heavenly sittings together I had enjoyed with them.

Sabbath.—Attended with Mr. C. his appointment at the Burrough. The Lord was there of a truth. Praises to his name for the bliss His

Heavenly presence imparts ! In the evening good meeting at South Wolfeborough.

Monday spent in receiving calls and preparing for leaving.

Tuesday, 13th.—Very much engaged—made few calls. In the evening two cousins came, and spent the night.

Wednesday came the parting hour. My dear and only brother came, with tears gave me his hand. With the impulse of the moment, I threw my arms about his neck, imploring him to live for God, and make sure for a meeting in Heaven, where we should never part. He left for school. In the afternoon prepared to leave. As all was ready, with heart swelled with tender and anxious emotions that I never before knew, I stole away to the spot where my mother died, fell on my knees to ask her ministering angel to hover over her inexperienced child going out into a deceitful and untried world. With deep feeling, bid adieu to home ; arrived at L. late in the evening, covered with snow that began to fall at the close of the day ; felt my almost broken heart much soothed by the kindness of my husband and his friends ; spent two weeks very pleasantly ; made some evening visits ; meanwhile attended several meetings.

Tuesday, 26th, was highly rejoiced at the arrival of my dear brother L. In the evening visited Mr. Corson's.

Wednesday eve meeting at Mr. Home's. My brother was once more engaged in religion; felt thankful to hear his voice again in prayer. Oh, that the Lord might be round about him, a wall of fire, and make him a flaming herald of the cross.

Thursday.—My brother left for home; soon after we took leave of friends at L., with some tender feelings as I parted with them, and with clear, still air without and a quiet spirit within, rode as far as Rev. D. H. Lord's. Happy meeting, pleasant visit; felt that the Lord had a dwelling in their retired home. How pleasant to meet and hold sweet and sympathizing converse with fellow-laborers and pilgrims on the way!

Friday, 28th.—Left for Bonny Big Hills; met with a warm reception at Brother T. Cutts'. Found the church still struggling with the waves of opposition and false doctrine, still beating up the rough stream of life with faces Zionward. How cheering to the hearts of those whom God has placed as watchmen over the flock, to see the young lambs growing in strength and wisdom, and loving and following the voice of the Shepherd! So it was to my dear companion, as he met again with the little church with which and for which he labored long against persecution and trial. The Lord, we trust, has a garden here.

Saturday, 30th.—Visited. In the evening met for prayer and conference at the meeting house lately reared where little more than twelve months ago hardly a Christian heart was found. Great is the wonder-working name of the Lord. When His breath sweeps over the desert land it will blossom as the rose and springs of living water burst forth. Before Him the hills tremble, the mountains melt, and thick darkness flees away. So it has been on this hill.

Sabbath, 31st, comes with a glowing sun throwing an unusual splendor over the far-stretching prospect before us. Sweet and lasting were the emotions of adoration and love to God awakened in our bosoms as we looked from the summit of B. B. Hill, over the white-robed landscape before us, glittering like a pearly bed in the rising sun-beams. Far to the east, at the extreme extent of our vision, the waters of the big Atlantic lay along the horizon. How soul thrilling is a considerate glance over the sublime works of nature! With emotions of gratitude for Sabbath and sanctuary privileges, we pursued our way to the house of God, that stood like a beacon upon the high hill that overlooked the sea twelve miles distant. After a sermon from 1 Cor. chapter xi. verse 26, Mr. C. broke bread for the first time to the young church; interesting scene. Met again in the

evening. Sermon from John chapter iii. verse 14. The spirit of the Lord rested down upon us. Praises to His name for one more visit from the Holy One. Saturday night tarried at Squire Weymouth's. Highly interesting and pleasing family; enjoyed the visit much; somewhat saddened, however, to see them less engaged than formerly in the work of the Lord.

February 2nd.—Went to Brother D. Chadbourne's. As the day closed the clouds thickened fast, the winds blew fierce, and the snow began to come in large, driving flakes; so we were obliged to abandon the idea of going to an appointment for the evening. How sweet tonight the confident reliance on One that will lead through this bleak world! We are safely sheltered in the quiet home of a good brother, while the fierce tempest is raging without. We have naught to do but to recount the mercies of God, and give up our hearts in gratitude for home and kind friends, and the safety we feel in His Almighty arms of protection, and feel deeply anxious to be more given up to God, and ready in every circumstance to say, "Thy will be done, however it may cross my own.—POLLOK."

POETRY.

Though the tempest howl around us,
And life's stormiest hour comes on ;
Though foes and dangers thick surround us,
Our hearts shall say, "Thy will be done."

Though the flattering dreams of youth
Expire before us, one by one,
Earth bright hope is consumed by truth,
Yet still we say, "Thy will be done."

Though far from home and early friends,
Strangers in stranger lands we roam ;
Though griefs untried our bosom rends,
Yet still we say, "Thy will be done."

We ask not pleasure's syren whisper,
We run no more for vain renown ;
But guided by the Almighty finger,
Only say, "Thy will be done."

We look toward yon peaceful Heaven,
Around the eternal spotless throne ;
We hope to rest our weary spirits,
When Thy will in us is done.

Tuesday, 3d.—Visited an aged pilgrim, confined to his room for a long time. How satisfying to our hearts to mark the calm resignation that seemed resting on his pale, time-furrowed features ! After a few hours of religious conversation, in which we endeavored to comfort with the promises and hopes of the Christian,

we took leave, and went to spend the night at Brother Heard's. Here we found that spirit that knits soul with soul dwelling richly in the heart of every member. Here we found an aged mother in Israel, who seemed so near the borders of the spirit-land, that she seemed to inhale its heavenly air and breathe its holy fragrance.

We love to find that humble home,
Filled with followers of the Lamb,
Traveling in sweetest union on
Toward that promised better land.

'Tis not in temples decked with gold,
The Saviour loves to dwell ;
'Tis not in lofty sculptured walls
He loves His glories to reveal.

But to the humble sons of earth,
He shows His smiling face ;
Round the peasant's homely hearth,
He finds a dwelling place.

Wednesday, 4th.—With tears and prayers for each other's welfare, parted with the very kind family, with the love of God, we trust, re-kindled in our hearts. We rode off Bony Big Hill toward B. Ridge. The scenery although deep snow lay on the ground was wild and beautiful in the extreme. One place we passed made somewhat a pleasant yet melan-

choly impression on our mind. Near the foot of a wild, high hill, near the border of a thick forest, far from any inhabitant stood an old mansion just tottering to its fall. In its open windows and doors the deep snow piled undisturbed, except by the wild hare or fox that might come to claim dominion. An extraordinary large rock stood near the shattered house that added much to the dreary yet interesting scenery. Here, methinks, at summer's eventide, the youth with poetic spirits fired, would come and sing of kingdoms' rise and fall; of life's gay, pompous adventures, succeeded by desolation and waste. In this old house, they tell me, long ago the miser hoarded up his gold and taught children to think that there could not be bliss without.

But to leave the old building, we entered the forest near, that was no less striking, the tallest pines I ever noticed, stretching up their lofty heads, and waving them toward heaven in praise and reverence to God. Our road lay a long way through this mystic wood, through which we passed, often exclaiming, How wonderful the works of God! how soul elevating to gaze upon! After emerging from the wood, the cold winds blew fearfully, filling the street and air with snow; for once I began to feel the missionary's woe — a pilgrim through chilly

winds and storms, yet short; ere the sun went down reached a wealthy old farmer, viz, P. Hall; kindly received. In the evening other visitors came in, formed many new and pleasant acquaintances, somewhat entertained by the sociability of the erect, majestic looking matron of the house, who gave long minute details of her childhood's play-house, her father's counter, and change trunk, and her marketing adventures, &c. Promising children; some religion.

Thursday, 5th.—Visited Esq. H. who I imagined looked some like Jacob Fortful, a school Domino. He seemed to be living in a heap of newspapers, politics, religion and *cider*. Very kindly entertained, dined, and left for J. Hall's; found a very kind family. Mr. C. leaves me to go to L. on church business. A stranger in a strange land, yet the kindness of the family made me forget my loneliness; spent the day in meditation, prayer, and conversation with Mrs. H., lady of the house. In the evening the children returned from school; were all grouped round me. I tried to converse profitably with them. May kind Heaven preserve these promising ones from the snares of the world!

AGAIN ALONE.

This moon-lit night while all alone
Memory is leading out her train,
Far distant loved and cherished ones
Speak Christiana's name again.
Again I see that mother's smile
As she was wont when on the earth,
I hear her voice so weak, so mild,
As once around home's distant hearth.
O fearful thought come o'er me now,
The thought that truest hearts are dead,
That these cold winds of winter blow
Where that faithful friend is laid.
Long she's slumbered out of sight,
In vain I sought that cordial love,
But Oh, beyond earth's dreamy night,
I hope to meet in worlds above.
Now Father guard me while I sleep
May that mother's spirit come,
Her faithful vigils round me keep
And tell me of her far off home.

Saturday, 6th.— Mr. C. returns, we call on a good sister Stillings, from there to brother Hanscom's, find here a large family, all as the heart of one man journeying onward. Two old ladies apparently about to put off dull and sickly mortality, with bright prospects of that heaven where they will bloom in eternal youth. I wept as I heard old mother Hanscom speak of the visible hand of God leading and bearing her through the world, from childhood to the grave's brink. Truly the ark of the Lord rests in this house.

Sabbath, 7th.—Lovely morning, most lovely ; went to meeting on B. Ridge. Sermon from Cor., chapter ii. verse 1. Dined at J. Fernald's. Afternoon, sermon from Matt., chapter xxvi, verse 58. After services, went to very good Brother H's ; felt much depression of spirit, felt that I was not enough engaged in the work of the Lord. Oh, when will this heaviness be overpast? The billows of gloom, doubt and temptation do well nigh go over me. I would know of a truth if the pillar is going before me that will lead me to the promised land.

In the evening met again ; felt more freedom of spirit ; tarried at Brother D. Fernald's. Here, too, an altar of prayer was erected, where went up morning and evening sacrifice. Was much amused and pleased with the benevolent feeling of the little daughter five years of age, who was anxious to show her love to her preacher, by presenting us with a pair of hens that had been her constant and unceasing care. With tender feeling, parted, set out for home at the closing of the day ; arrived at Great Falls, spent the night with dear Mrs. Cottle ; happily entertained ; ensuing day accompanied by Mr. C. visited the shops and manufactories — very happy. Afternoon, left for home — a very pleasant ride.

Wednesday, 10th.—Rather low in spirits ;

feel a heaviness coming over my mind ; I know not why coming, I know not whence ; still feel that in Heaven is my trust. Call from Brother Davis.

Thursday.—Somewhat a free access to the Throne of Grace. Domestic cares engross my mind. A call from Brother Dore of Alton.

Friday, 12th.—Call on Mrs. B. find her very feeble. Evening, make calls.

Saturday 13th.—Leave L. for North Berwick. Call, and receive in company Sister Lord ; took tea at Brother Hammond's ; found his health improving ; tarried at Squire Weymouth's.

Sabbath, 14th.—With prayers for the presence of the great Master of Assemblies, Sister Lord arose and addressed a large assembly from Isaiah, chapter xxxv, verse 4. In the afternoon she spoke again, from Gen., chapter iv. verse 7. The spirit seemed to make powerful the weak. She spake as one having authority. We trust the solemn truths from her lips sank deep. Oh, that Heaven may be round her and bear her up ! Solemn meeting in the evening.

Monday, 15th.—In a retired room, by a cheerful fire, while the cold winds blow mournfully around, we sit in the peaceful enjoyment of our books, pens and paper. What unmer-

ited favors we daily receive! A fearful cold night.

Tuesday, 16th.—Take an affectionate leave of Brother Cutts' family; call and dine at Brother Stephen Falls'. Here we find ourselves with an interesting and kind family. Was highly gratified with the narration the aged white-headed man gave of his first trying the blunt end of the world. My aged sire, dying, said he, left me friendless and homeless, a boy of sixteen. I was obliged to go forth into the wild unsettled world around me. I first thought I would go and lose myself in the din of war, which was then raging on the American shores. Again I thought of my youth and inexperience, and again I resolved I would try the salt sea. I stepped aboard a ship bound to the West Indies. Not many days were I on the water before we were taken by one of the Majesty's vessels, and thrust in the prison at Halifax, though not without some hope of liberty by exchange of prisoners, as was the custom. But soon these hopes were blasted. We were unexpectedly taken, when we thought we were escaping, by a press gang and carried on board an Admiral's ship. Many were the tears which I shed, and great bitterness of soul and pain and suffering, from cold and exposure which I endured. My feet were frozen, my

allowance small. After various servile employments, cutting vessels from ice, or serving the crew, I was made skipper of the Jolly Boat belonging to one of the British vessels lying in Penobscot Bay. One day after carrying a gentleman on shore, while he was engaged in business, a thought that then I might make my escape, outweighed every sense of duty, and he once more in my native woods. I plunged into the thick forest, every moment looking, expecting the foe. One moment the howling of the beast assailed, the next the roaring of the wind would start me. I would run with all my strength more than a hundred miles. I wandered towards my home. Only one framed house I entered, the man seemed stern and hard, making every possible enquiry. After hearing my story he says that aged Grandsire with whom you lived was an old familiar friend. Imagine then, says the old man, my joy to hear one kind word and feel I was with a true friend. His cold sternness softened to the tenderest kindness, they fed, clothed and cheered me, dressed the wounds of my frozen feet, and, says he, stay as long as you wish. How reviving none that was never turned on the cold world can ever tell. Soon I left, and again found myself in my native town of B. Still here I had no right, no home, though

friends. Again I tried the sea; earned a little at the end of the year; after all expenses paid, had in my hand sixty crowns. With it I began the world; entered this wilderness and made a home. Now he is surrounded with respectable children, all with an independent future.

The tear stood on the old man's eye as he gave God the praise for leading him through life's rough journey, just to the grave, where soon he will lie down in peace. Sweet be the slumbers of that good old man! At the close of the day I arrived at home.

Wednesday, 17th.—In very good spirits; stormy day. Thanks to kind Providence for good homes and kind friends! Oh, the debt of gratitude I owe I can never pay. Oh, for Humility!

Thursday, 18th.—Very cold. Last night received a pleasant visit from Brother Mills, a young man of talent, called of God to leave all and go forth into the world; but he is in trouble, doubting and darkness. Would there were more laborers in this holy cause!

Friday, 19th.—Attended funeral of old Mr. Copp. Sermon by Elder Blaisdell. In the evening felt much anxiety for the apparent depression of D. I feel deeply my insufficiency to fill my place. Oh, for a more de-

voted, faithful heart,—to be all I should be to those around me.

Saturday, 20th.—My dear D. leaves for B; receive calls and answer letters. Evening. For once I feel that home is lonely. The solemn, incontrovertible truth I have so often heard comes heavily upon me, that a preacher's wife must see many hours of grief, loneliness, and anxiety; yet my humble soul shall say, "Even so, Father." I have a bliss, a calmness of spirit that makes one welcome every trial. Grace.

Sabbath, 21st.—Fine day. Heard Elder E. Blaisdell. Rather a dark time; interest declining. When shall we see a rise in Zion here? Her walls are broken, her watchmen divided. My heart dies within me; I know not what to do. Who of us will stand the great ordeal! who will abide the coming of the Lord!

Monday.—Cold; busy evening. Joyfully welcomed Mr. C. Glad to learn the Lord has been with him to bear him up.

Tuesday, 23rd.—Pleasant visit from dear Mrs. Cottle and Freeman. In the evening my dear father makes us a visit with other friends.

Wednesday, 24th.—Feel to thank Heaven for a pious father, to come to comfort and encourage; happy to hear him pray again.

Thursday, 25th.—Good meeting in the evening at T. Legro's. Sermon by Father Coffin, from Malachi 3d chapter. "And they shall be mine," &c. ; good time.

Friday, 26th.—Went to Milton protracted meeting ; interesting scene. Sermons by Elders Meader, Coffin and Winter. Not quite wisdom enough. "They that win souls are wise." Oh, for a pure ministry !

Saturday.—The snow comes thick and fast. Unusual enjoyment of mind, yet fear we are not enough in the valley, and looking beyond earth and its to-day happiness.

Saturday evening.—What have I done this swift-flown week, that is recorded for good in Heaven? How rapid whirl the wheels of time ! I am thinking, but yesterday a child, with toys and straws,—to-day, passing into grave womanhood already. Twelve weeks since I put off the airy, giddy dreams of girlhood, to give myself forever to the sweet, quiet, domestic life. Oh, how inexperienced, young and unfit to be the wife of God's ambassador, who should be a living example to all the world !

Sabbath, Feb. 28th.—Attended meetings at the Ponds. Sermon by Father Coffin. Afternoon, by Mr. E. Scott (colored). Meeting continues on from day to day. The mighty power begins to move all through the village, and the

stout-hearted are bowing. Oh, for more power ! The rumsellers and drinkers begin to see their wrong. Here, fifty-five years the monster intemperance has been enthroned, enslaving and destroying its hundreds. On the eve of the fourth of March, a large body of people were crowded into the meeting-house,—nearly fifty of those who were just starting for heaven were seated together, some speaking of the goodness of God, when very unexpectedly the only rum-seller in the place — one who knew not God — came to the altar and stood before the multitude. High beat every heart at that moment ; deliberately and decisively he renounced the long-acknowledged evil. I have taken children's bread, said he, to clothe and feed my own ; I have caused misery in the extreme — I know it. If it rests with me to put rum out of the place once for over fifty years, I do it. If I fail, I fail. I will sell no more rum. Amen ! Praise to God ! Thank Heaven ! ran through the house. Never did Milton experience such a joyful scene as this. Long be remembered that lovely evening, and the noblelike step of the young trader. Next day, might be seen groups of happy men again enter the store so long passed, and aiding in rolling from out the hoard the dismal casks. The Rev. Mr. Willey was so happy he shouted for joy, giving every

one's hand a hearty shake of congratulation. A day of rejoicing. Truly at last the countless prayers of God's people here are heard. Sing, O earth, Heaven and all therein take up the joyful strain! Measures were taken by confederacy of the people to prevent any spirit being sold within the place. Light is spreading; men reforming; grace abounding; hope reviving; the poor rejoicing; God victorious, marching through the desert waste, where the slain, the wrecked and cast off are many. The prospect is soul-cheering. As others leave, Mr. C. becomes the chief laborer. Twenty or more already converted, twenty-five or thirty anxious.

Friday, 5th.—Feel discharged for awhile; notwithstanding much persuasion to stay; feel duty to go home. Oh, for humility and wisdom—pleasant without and peaceful within.

Sabbath morning presents a dreary prospect. The snow lies in deep piles around us, the winds blowing drearily, the doors are closed, the world all shut out—loved and long-desired seclusion. To-day a scene of unusual interest and melancholy pleasure. Despite our efforts to stay our thoughts in Heaven, they did go out far back over the swift-flown years of earlier life. Of home, of friends, of the happy years of pupilship, I thought, till the pang of

half joy, half woe, was deeply twanging this heart's fine chords, Heaven, I trust, has thus far directed my steps. I feel that it will. I will not wish for their return. Though more sober and dreariless my path, if it but lead to the flowery plains of the spirit world, I journey gladly on. One star forever fixed, I have one friend forever mine, I trust. A world of charms, a multitude of flattering summer friends exchanged for *one* who knows no alienation by affliction, grows more faithful, is gain incalculable. Sabbath evening, how solemn!

Monday.—Received a call from Brother Mills.

Tuesday evening, met with a large social circle at neighbor R's. Very interesting; made much more so by the presence, talent and good spirits of old Elder John Buzzel, who has been a watchman on Zion's walls for more than fifty years. Prayers and singing—pleasant.

Wednesday, 9th.—Set our faces for the first time towards home, my own dear home. Called at Middleton. Clamorous voices, red eyes, ragged, rude boys were too true symptoms of the character of the place. Oh, when will the the heavy clouds of moral darkness be lifted off our land! Riding a short distance, by the wayside, on a bank of snow, lay a cluster of empty rum-jugs. Whence and what are ye, fearful things? To how many a dying heart have ye

borne the last drug of bitterness! To how many a thorny pillow have ye borne the last prick, sharp and piercing, that would be set there! And where are those whose loved burden ye were? Ay, it may be that thy fellowship with man is broken; that he has found the poisoned drug that the sparkling treasure hides, and flung thee to the snows and winds. Happy the man! Here may ye crumble! Here may blast after blast sweep over the desolate bottle. We trust they alone will kiss thy lip, and thy former companions bid good-bye to rum-bottles thrown on a snow bank.

Ere the sun slides down the sky, am folded in the arms of my loved kindred. How thrilling, as I retire again to my long empty chamber, the sensation awakened. Here by my window, many a long summer evening alone I sat, with wrapt soul, gazing on the splendid scenery of the fragrant moon-lit earth and be-spangled heavens. Then a thought of parting days, of going a stranger in the wide world, of bearing with a laborer in Christ's vineyard the burden in the heat of the day, which never had ruffled the calm of my young bosom. How sweet these hours of contemplation, when to me earth and heaven met; and as I looked out into the clear blue vault, my charmed mind would catch the music of the celestial spheres, would pene-

trate the gauze that covered Heaven's host, and behold the myriads with their golden harps, moving in marshal lines along the ethereal plain! What thought I then of earth, of names, of beauty's charms, of passion's flame, of pleasure's witching wiles? All to me were idle tales. I could not bear that aught of earth should come and steal away a moment of such holy — was it? aye, it was — spell-bound musings. Angels, methought, did visit me! And though my heart is filled, my eyes swimming in tears, at these remembrances, I would not go back the tide of life and live those scenes again. It is not always to live in fancy's flowery world, to feel the heart grow sick of scenes that charm the world, and turn from social beings to live in worlds of our creation. No! Let me go with prayerful, holy heart, to bear a balm to some lone child of sorrow! Let me pursue the plain, sober path of duty, to God and man, and seek rather to enjoy life because I make it useful, than to scorn it because it has not room for my swelling imaginations; and learn, rather than wish life closed, I should prize each moment, because I may be doing and getting good, that I might really enter the world where fancy loves to wander and gaze with eye undimmed on the rich glories I had imagined. Oh, for a meek and quiet spirit to suffer with Christ on

earth, that I might reign with him in Heaven !
But stop, my pen.

Saturday, 12th.—Fearful storm all day. Evening rather sad and lonely. The rattling winds make doleful music to a lonely heart.

Sabbath, 13th.—Feel some sinking into the kind arms of my Heavenly Father ; desire, more than riches, honor, love or beauty, to feel myself approved unto God. What sacrifice shall I make, what course shall I bend my feelings and thoughts, to attain to that state of calm, unshaken confidence in God, and an assurance of my acceptance with Him ? How unusually empty and cheerless the world looks to-day ! I feel less like seeking the favor of man than God. Oh, for a thorough purifying of soul, for a moulding into the image of Christ ! His I would be.

REMEMBERED IDEAS FROM ABBOT.

Read to-day Mr. Abbot's "Young Christian." Some ideas gathered, viz ;—That we should make every event, trial especially, a means of testing and improving our moral character. A man launching a new-made steam-boat would be constantly viewing and correcting the machinery—make more safe the engine, and assuring himself that all is well ; while an-

other might seat him on deck, enjoy a fine sail, and the admiration and applause of his splendid boat from the beholders on shore, while the new machinery may be deficient, and an explosion ensue, the vanity-swollen man and his fine boat be stove in pieces.

Thus man, as he passes along the tide of life, may live ever down at the main spring of action, at the bottom of the boat, and mark well how every gale and tide of life affects the operation of the intellectual and moral machinery; and thus make sure ground work for a correct character and pleasing deportment. Again, he may strive for fine appearance, the applause of the world; while the principle, the internal machinery, grows discordant and unable at last to bear up and carry along steadily the heavy sails and top work. A great and humbling downfall is the result of neglect of the heart. Again, we cannot call up feelings by direct effort, but it is discipline of mind and consideration which enables us to gain a desired frame of mind. Importance of reading slow and carefully, satisfaction of journal writing, &c.

Sabbath evening.—Mr. C. attends meeting at South Village.

Monday, 14th.—Reading and conversation with the family; much enjoyment of kindred association.

15th.—Went again to the protracted meeting; more interesting than usual.

Thursday, 16th.—Realize another parting with friends at home, especially in leaving my dear sister C. alone. I bid adieu to scenes so long so familiar and dear, and go to a home among strangers. Yet I have a friend to soothe and teach me to turn my thoughts from earthly deprivation to the full fruition of hope, to the joyful reward for self-denial and labor on earth, in the expected land of rest—the home for all God's people.

Sabbath, 19th.—Go to the house of God; come home sad and sorrowful at heart. How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget us? when will our warfare be accomplished? when will Zion's oppressors be removed, and the sweet voice of the Shepherd call the scattered flock together. Evening, feel to cast all on the blessed Friend of man, that he will work all things for our good. How sweet to pray to God, to bow in humble obedience and reverence before His throne, and send up our souls through the stilly air of night far above earth's jars and turmoils! Yes, we can awhile forget, and love and worship God alone.

I am spared to begin another week. I want wisdom to conduct my inexperienced feet. Oh, what a useless, inexperienced being I feel

myself! In Heaven is my trust, and from thence I expect direction. Thine, I am, my God.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Happy child am I! A bright sunny sky over my head, pleasant scenes and friends around me. How undeserving! Sabbath has again come. Oh, that I could go and sit under the holy droppings of the sanctuary, and feel that it was sweet to my taste, where every heart beat in unison in the holy breathings which such a day should call. But Oh, there is a fearful wrong—my heart is pained. I know not what to do. Scores that are well fitted to constitute the house of God are lying dormant and useless. To-day many that might fill the house of God, and enjoy a heavenly sitting together, and feel their hearts as the heart of one man lying upon the altar of God, are hovering round their own firesides, or wandering heedless over their lands, their utility to the world unknown, their noble powers of mind sinking, the tide of divine knowledge rolling back, dammed up by impassible, immovable clogs of superstition; and may I not suppose it self-righteousness? Why this woeful desolation in this moral vicinity? The house of God is not pure. The leaders of the flock are strolling in the woods of ignorance, and sipping at the streams of self-will, turning

to catch the breezes of public applause. Is it thus? The flocks have ceased to come at the powerless, monotonous call of the shepherd, are scattered on every hill, seeking other pastures, where are streams that never dry and water that will ever refresh. Well, what does all of this writing mean? Am I wrong in my ideas?

Monday.—Reading J. W. Nevens' Biblical Antiquities. Find it pleasing in being borne in mind to the once glorious regions of Palestine, to stand beneath its lofty, verdant mountains; its flourishing vineyards; its weeping valleys, flowing with oil and wine; to stand again in its deep caverns by nature formed, where our Saviour at times rested his weary head or turned away to pour out his sorrows before his Father. Again I hear the mighty rushing of waters, as the melting snows come from the mountains, and soon find them gurgling streams at the feet. I gaze in thought on the streams, the mountains, the waves and deserts, where the man of sorrow wandered, the hill from which he ascended, and lost in distance, rising still, goes away from his scenes of trial to the long distant home of his Father, and feel my soul gathering new incentives to the prosecution of the holy yet self-crossing journey that leads to the same happy regions,

of which the matchless Canaan is but the faintest emblem.

31st. — Temperance lecture by Elder T. Stevens.

Thursday. — Lowering sky, thick coming snow. Oh, how melancholy! The winds moan like a funeral dirge. It seems as though they continually whisper, All is passing away; empty and transient is the world's enjoyment. Begin to think the voice of perishing souls is calling away from the long, quiet retreat of home to bear a living balm to the lost and dying. Feel that we can go forth, weeping over the fallen, and praying for the saving, all-powerful spirit of God to go with us and direct our path. How can we find rest and happiness, when the solemn thought is continually coming in upon us, that souls are going into the eternal world that we might be instrumental in leading to the Lamb of God and a sweet home in heaven! Surely we count not our life dear unto us. The pleasures of home grow gloomy, the voice of friendship strikes heavy, we hear only the solemn mandate, "Go ye out, and compel them to come in." Haste to shelter 'neath mercy's canopy, 'ere the swift-coming storm is driven on the earth, that shall try men's souls and crush the unsanctified in heart. Will heaven direct!

May commence a female prayer meeting. Full attendance, and refreshing time. Feel unfit to be among saints, praying for humility. Next meeting at my home. Deep, solemn, satisfying season. •

26th.—Attend the New Durham Quarterly Meeting at Farmington.

Extract of a letter dated Wolfeboro', April 20, 1843 :—

DEAR HUSBAND,—I was truly rejoiced to receive a letter from one in whom my earthly hopes of happiness are centered. The time since you left seems long, very long, and I was becoming impatient to hear from you, as the traveling forbade all hope of my seeing you at present.

Our little A. is constantly entwining herself into the tender feelings of my heart,—she is so pleasant and playful. I hope to hold her in the right place in my affections.

O, D. I should like to be with you. My heart thrills with emotion when I call to mind the pleasant hours I have spent in your society. You can now realize some of the loneliness I have experienced when left alone. Had I known that you were to stay there, I should have been unwilling to have you go without me.

I watch the melting snow with impatient anxiety. Not that I don't enjoy myself here; everything has gone pleasantly here, and my friends try to make me happy. I never was more rejoiced, I think, at the appearance of spring. The grass already begins to start around the door. True, it may be the last spring that will open upon us. If so, we have a hope of seeing a land where there is no night. I do not feel so much engaged as I want to be. I hope you pray for me.

When on the humble knee
I silently am bending,
My ardent prayer for thee
To heaven is ascending.

Your affectionate C. B. COWELL.

April.— Loud thunder — bright light.

Sabbath.— Heard *good* preaching from Elder D. Blaisdell.

Monday.— Visited Mrs. Dr. Jones; a delightful visit. Find good-nature, pleasing grace and a good degree of intelligence dwelling there. To-day nature looks gray and barren, the naked earth rough and dried up. But I shall not sink into the low broodings, for I know summer is nigh. Welcome, thrice welcome to the opening spring!

Come thou soft and dewy spring,
With all thy freshness come ;
Thy laurels and thy music bring
From thy far-off south sea home.
Come with thy mild and balmy air,
Thy robes of freshest green ;
We long to roam in wild woods where
Thy breath and step have been.
We long to feel the soft winds blow,
And the modest wild flowers bloom,
Where the streams in plaintive murmurs flows,
And the birds with sonnets-come.

Sabbath.—Sermon from Elder E. Blaisdell in the forenoon ; husband in the afternoon from Solomon's Songs, chapters 4 and 5.

Evening, he goes out alone, with feeble health, through snow and water, to meet with a Christian band two miles distant. Oh, that he might forever have given him the true and everlasting gospel to preach to the perishing world ! Sermons by Revs. Messrs. Hart, Pinkham, Cilley and Buzzel. Rev. H. Stevens we find very feeble.

29th.—While interceding with God, begin to feel my troubled heart sink to rest, and my tearful eye turned heavenward with hope of a long happy home there. Afternoon, went on a pleasant hill, at the house of a good sister living all alone, with a number of dear sisters, to have our prayer meeting. Pleasant, happy time.

Friday.—With joyous spirits, far beyond merit, go to Berwick. Pleasant conference on the Ridge. Been very low since we left. But some awakening and happy feelings. Hope they will rise and shine. Why am I thus favored with the dear friend of my bosom to visit from place to place, and meet with, and try to encourage, the children of God? We are truly happy in the enjoyment of these precious privileges.

June 1st, Sabbath.—Attend meeting on Bonny Big.

Monday.—Part with our very good Brother Butler and wife. Spend the day in visiting.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Arrive at Rev. Brother McKenney's at Lyman, to attend the Waterborough Quarterly Meeting. What strange heaviness comes over my mind to-day! How much, alas, like the restless tide are my feelings! I am now solemnly impressed with the emptiness of earth, and serious fears about my eternal all. I cannot rest on anything of earth. In the all-redeeming Saviour I try to trust. My prayers float around and ring back about my head with no power to ascend. I would fain come to God, but Oh, this thick hedge! Shall we not see God's power come down here? Is not this darkness a harbinger of dawn? I trust it may be so.

Wednesday.—Preaching by Elder Davis. No move.

Thursday morning.—Begin to penetrate the gloom; feel to labor. Twenty arise for prayers; mighty move for an hour. Sermons by Elders Davis and Small. Hard time; a cloud shuts down heavy and dark. Close with a Communion. Servants of God leave. We are still saying, O Lord, hast thou anything more for us to do? Open the way. Feel like staying with Brother McKenney and wife. Unite in crying mightily to God for power. Spend a long time in earnest pleading with God. Trembling and fearful, we go out to visit from house to house,—husband and our good brother one way, myself and his companion another. We met with sinners with bursting hearts and weeping eyes. We tried to talk, pray and weep with them. God have the glory for the happy success that crowned the feeble efforts! At noon met again with our husbands, who were praising God. Not only had they seen conviction fastening, but in a cottage among the bushes they heard the convert's happy song, and others still earnestly seeking God. Every vale and hill, yea, the very wind around, seems to be mourning in sympathy with the sin-burdened souls. Oh, that the work may grow deeper and deeper in every heart! I would obey the mandate of my God.

Saturday, July 17th.—Start for Barnstead. Pleasant ride; dine at Widow Berry's. Found the daughter-in-law deeply anxious about her soul. Spend the night at good Brother McNeal's, a wealthy farmer.

Sabbath morning. Ride to the Centre, to husband's appointment. He spoke from Joel. Seemed to be something in the way. Afternoon, from Isaiah, xxxv. 4. Good freedom. Call on a bereaved husband and motherless children. Felt much sympathy. Spend the night at Brother D. Eaton's—a low, romantic vale, watered by a large stream, winding among the hills.

Tuesday.—With Brother E. and wife, go to an appointment at G. Edgerly's. Heavenly season; a sweet visit from our Master. He gives his servants, now and then, a foretaste of rich treasures in store for them. Pleasant visit at T. Chesley's, by the shore of a beautiful pond. We wander with delight on its sunny banks, so far retired from the hum of busy men, so still and happy. We felt that domestic bliss might be unmuffled there. Afternoon meeting at L. French's. Good season.

23d.—Visit Brother Eaton. Extremely sultry. Very kindly entertained. Find him much depressed on account of the low state of Zion. Trust the Lord will hear his prayers.

24th.—Very pleasant ride to Strafford, to D. Leighton's. Much affected as we pass field after field, to see them scorching 'neath the sultry heavens. No rain for several months.

The streamlets cease, the fountains dry,
The blasting winds sweep o'er the plain ;
The heated earth, the brassy sky
No cooling moisture yields.
Wrath is blazing in the heavens,
And vengeance on the hills.
What fearful sin, yet unforgiven,
Our guilty nation feels !

25th.—At S. Berry's ; interesting meeting.

26th.—Met at the school house. A very solemn, weeping season. The spirit of the unseen God was felt. Spent the night with Elder David Garland. Very good family.

27th.—Start for home, much depressed in spirit. Our spiritual pilgrimage looked dark, —a portentous gloom, increasing, with now and then a respite, for several weeks. The Lord our only staff when earthly prospects fade. We felt that though in trials, we were sharers in each other's joys and sorrows. Hope for deeper-toned piety.

August, 7th.—Arrive late in the evening at Father Coffin's, in Wolfeborough. Met there with our dear friend, young preacher Brother Brooks. Was happy to meet again my dear

sister, returned from Hartford after an absence of two years.

Sabbath, 8th.—Met at the Mill neighborhood. There was a sound of abundance of rain. Husband spoke from Joel iii. 14. Multitudes, &c. 1st. The valley of decision the probationary state in this world. 2d. The points to be decided, viz., eternal bliss or eternal woe; the importance of decision in all the pursuits of life. 3d. The great consequences attending the decision we make. 4th. The last and great day of the Lord's decision, when all must reap the fruits of their own decision. Good season.

Tuesday.—Visited the Borough. Spent the night at D. Firbur's. Martha, a young friend of mine, shared largely in our interest and sympathies; long strove against the convictions of God's Spirit; now left in a very feeble state of health, and but little power or disposition to seek salvation.

Wednesday.—After several calls, met at the school-house. Sermon from Habakuk iii. 20. 1st—Negatively. In what the Lord was not to revive his work, viz., the vast work of creation. 2d. What is the work to be revived? Regeneration in the heart. 3d. The duty of Christians as co-workers, and the happy completion. Afternoon, from Numbers x. 29. We are journeying unto the, &c.

13th.—Commence a protracted meeting in the meeting-house at the Mills. Sermon by husband. Deep feeling.

14th.—Crowded house. Sermon from Isaiah xxxv. 4-9. Say to them that are fearful, &c. Truly the Lord came round about the camp of Israel that day. Several anxious.

15th.—A very crowded assembly. Mr. C. spoke from Numbers. Who is on the Lord's side? 1st. The meaning of side, viz., position taken, the characters that are not, those that are, the advantages of the one over the other. The undoubted triumph.

16th.—Afternoon. Powerful conviction; a good meeting; some converted; many others anxious.

17th.—Good meeting at Fernald's Corner. The air seemed pregnant with solemn feeling.

18th.—Meeting at the Borough. Mourners came forward, and backsliders returned. Afternoon—Sermon. How long will ye halt?

19th.—Met again. Sermon from Say ye to the righteous. While dwelling on the happy state of the righteous, the speaker seemed to be let into the inner court of heaven, behold the glories there in store, and portray them before us from vision.

22d.—Attend meeting at the Mills. Instructive sermons from Elder D. Swett.

Monday, 23d.—Husband leaves me to visit L.; absent two weeks. Attended meeting in Berwick. From thence went to Waterborough. Attended the Waterborough Quarterly Meeting. Thence went to Ossipee, to attend the Wolfeborough Quarterly Meeting. Again returned to me at my father's. Happy to meet him. Found his health very poor, and mind much exercised. Sabbath he preached in the meeting-house in the Mill neighborhood, from Zec. ii. 7. Deliver thyself, O Daughter of Zion. 1st. A description of the literal Babylon, and its application to the world, and the domination of Satan its king. 2d. The way Zion is led into captivity: by looking on sin, by neglecting duty—the tongue is chained from speaking, the feet from visiting God's house, and they are borne away captives. 3d. Why they should leave Babylon: because of its barrenness, its stagnant waters and impure air, and the awful destiny that hangs over all that trade with her. 4th. The way back to Zion: by calling on the King of Zion, the great Deliverer; by throwing aside every darling sin, and running with faces as a flint Zionward,—for the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with shouts, &c.

Afternoon, text from Psalm cviii. Go up to Zion, go about her, behold her towers, mark her bulwarks. 1st. Description of literal Zion,

its strong fortifications, strength and beauty of her watchmen. Zion spiritually : her bulwarks are the good enterprises of the day, especially Sabbath Schools, to fortify the future generations against false doctrine. God himself is as a wall of fire round about her. 2d. The entrance by repentance and faith : leaving all without the gate, come naked, to receive a new garment from the King of Righteousness, to mingle in that happy society where order reigns, in their holy devotion, and their final ascension to the New Jerusalem, where no harps are unstrung, no sorrows mingle in their lays.

Tuesday, 8th.—Leave again the parental roof with my companion, in company with my father and sister S. Visit five families of relatives in Alton, three in Gilmanton, eight in Sanbornton. Visit grandfather Philbrick, who clings to early habits, using his wooden plate at meals. On inquiry to know why, he replied, in so doing, he would not dull his knife.

11th.—Meeting at Union Bridge. Husband preaches from Nehemiah. And they all had a mind to work.

Saturday.—After an affectionate leave journey through Gilmanton. Very happy. Call and spend a few hours with a guide and father to the youth, Elder Peter Clark ; much profitable instruction. Spend the night at J. T. Coffin's ; happy visit.

Sabbath, 13th.—Attend meeting at the Iron Works. Church low and divided, but the gospel standard was raised and all invited to come under its banner and fight for Prince Immanuel; good meeting. Husband overcome with fatigue, weighed down in spirits.

15th.—Make several calls on our way to Farmington to attend a protracted meeting. Called on Brother H. Stevens; pleasant interview with several preaching brethren.

Saturday, 19th.—Husband goes to an appointment in Lyman.

21st.—Part with my unfortunate sister going to Hartford to study two years more.

26th.—Heard Elder E. Place, who came weeping and sowed precious seed; very good time. Prayer meeting in the evening; unusual solemnity and weeping. We feel that the Lord is near this place waiting to work.

27th.—Good meeting at S. Hodsdon's; still solemn.

October, 15th.—Arrived last night, rather chilled, at our Uncle Clough's, in Alton; very kindly received; the state of religion with them very low. To-day ride in the rain to our beloved Brother Garland's; feel a quiet resting of the mind, though very unworthy of the kindnesses which we receive. We begin to feel that there is a work to be done here, but unfit

to labor and know not what to do. I have listened to the doubts and darkness of others and felt that I ought not to doubt or despond; but Oh, I am so destitute of the true genuine religion and reliance on God, I feel that I cannot possibly be of any use here. Yet my *heart's* desire and prayer is to see the work of the Lord, and hear the sound of his goings once more in *this life*. My companion very low, much distressed, restless night, future darkened.

Sabbath.—Rainy. Meet at the Centre with father and mother Coffin. Feel weighed down by my companion's being unusually so,—like Jeremiah, who cried out, Oh, that my head were waters. Evening meeting at Beauty Hill; husband preaches.

18th.—Visited some unconverted; found the spirit of the Lord striving with them. We go over the hills dejected and feeling as though the world was dressed in mourning. In the evening a large number collected at Brother E's; the spirit of the Lord seemed to be with us; some omens of a revival.

12th.—Visit Mr. Hatch, formerly a preacher of the gospel, and who is again in some measure, called unto the walls. In the afternoon ride to attend a meeting at I. Willey's; very kindly received, though entire strangers; a

pleasant meeting. Husband still suffering, with now and then a happy respite from pain of heart and body.

20th.—The fine morning brings forth a stormy day. Find very kind friends, for which we feel gratitude. The lady of the house suffering under protracted illness, yet enjoying, we trust, the presence of God. We have peculiar unforeseen conflicts of mind, notwithstanding the flattering prospects outwardly. Yet we trust in that arm who will deliver us out of them all. In the afternoon ride to S. Tilton's, on Tilton hill, in Pittsfield; found very warm-hearted friends, a good home, which raised our spirits for awhile.

24th.—Visited Brother P. True. Spent the day in great depression of spirits, walking over the hill, although the prospect was sublime and beautiful in the extreme, there was a shade hung over it all that nothing of earth could remove. I felt that I was left to total darkness and despair of ever becoming acceptable in the sight of Heaven. Yet there alone would I hope for any relief, and there I threw my sinking soul. Husband's health very poor. In attempting to pray felt that my sins were like mountains. I cried and wept before the Lord. Felt some relief; I am still determined to beat against the billows and winds; cannot see that

I am a Christian. Took a very affectionate leave of our friends, who had so kindly received us. Rode to Brother Eaton's.

28th.—Attended meeting on Beauty hill. Met with Elder Robbins and wife; had a very pleasant interview with them. Preaching by husband and Elder Robbins. Brother Robbins preached from Hosea. What will you do, in the solemn day? Touching and eloquent appeals. In the evening a very pleasant meeting. Mr. C. spoke from Psalms, Thy word is settled in Heaven.

25th.—Pleasant morning; spent the day in visiting, reading and meditation.

29th.—Our long anticipated meeting commenced at the Centre; prospect rather dark at first, but few came in. We were disappointed in the help of preaching brethren—no one came, but there was wrestling in prayer. Afternoon, glad to find Elder S. Coffin had arrived. Mr. C. spoke from "Fear not him who can kill, &c.;" entreaty to arise and go forth to battle, which appeared was not in vain. The divine spirit seemed to have a free move; some that had been very low came out of their hiding places. In the evening Father Coffin preached.

Saturday, 30th.—Elder E. Place came; preached in the forenoon; in the afternoon

father Coffin was rather solemn. Evening — there seemed to be unusual solemnity during the first of the evening, yet the ever-present spirit of Evil held a contest ; not much victory gained ; increasing weight.

Sabbath, 31st.—In the forenoon Elder Robbins spoke to a large assembly of people from Deuteronomy — “ My doctrine shall drop as the rain, &c.” In the afternoon Mr. C. came trembling and burdened before the people, and spoke with unusual freedom from Revelation, chapter iii. verse 18 — “ I counsel thee to buy of me gold, tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, &c.” He showed the poverty and nakedness of sinners, also of professors without the vital religion, exemplified by gold, as being the most durable, precious and bright ; the various things we grasp to supply the place of gold when wanting, viz: false doctrines, worldly fame and gain, prejudice in the church, &c. Truly the Lord was present to help, and we hope good was done that day.

Monday, November, 2nd.—Mr. C. was very much exhausted with labor of the day previous.

3rd.—Very good meeting at the Centre. Elder Robbins preached twice with eloquence and feeling ; some came forward for prayers ; one gave strong evidence of conversion, and several revived.

4th.—Conference meeting at the Locke neighborhood; very good time. Meeting in the evening.

5th.—Meeting at the Centre. Sermon by Elder D. P. Cilley; good season. Monthly meeting at Dennett's; evening at the Nutter school-house.

I am alone to-night,
To hear the drear winds blow ;
My thoughts are on the past,
When we no sorrow knew ;
I think of my poor heart,
So lost in sin and guilt,
And one to plead my cause
Whose blood for me was spilt.
He alone can save
Our spirits from distress,
And bear us o'er life's wave
To lands of holiness.

Saturday evening.—The meeting was very solemn; several came forward. Mr. C. spoke from Psalms — "After so long a time as to-day, &c."

Sabbath, 6th.—Met again at the Centre. Forenoon sermon by Elder Garland. Afternoon by Mr. C., from Matt. chapter vii. verses 26 and 27 — "Every one that heareth these sayings and doeth them not, &c.," more especially, "and it fell and great was the fall of it." The place was awful on account of the presence

of God. 1st, the sayings of Christ not hard to do; 2d, the false foundations on which those build who do not choose Christ; finally, the great and final fall of all earthly fabrics. Had good liberty. Good meeting in the evening; two young men came forward; still there is a slow and heavy move of the work; so many dormant professors that the car was burdened and would not overtake the sinner.

Monday evening.—Meeting at L. French's; snow storm, weather inclement.

Tuesday, 8th.—Visited Mr. Nutter's; found a very pleasant family; meeting at the school house in the evening. Text, If the righteous scarcely are saved, &c. Several arose for prayers, two of whom were the daughters of Brother Nutter, on whom we called. After returning to his house we all bowed down together to pray; the unconverted daughters prayed, after which they felt calm. The ensuing morning found them happy in the love of Christ. Mr. C. and Brother Nutter spent the forenoon in visiting. During their absence I endeavored to encourage and pray with the young ladies, and had the happiness of hearing them join in prayer. Happy season, I trust long to be remembered. Spent the remainder of the week with Brother Eaton's and Brother French's families.

Sabbath, 13th.—Attended meeting at Beauty Hill. Mr. C. spoke from Proverbs — Because I have called and ye have refused, &c. Very weeping season. Meeting in the evening, very precious season, very happy meeting. Previous to the meeting felt a very saddening conviction of my lack of holiness and my slothfulness in the cause. Retired to the grove; found access to the Saviour; had a very sweet union with Him for several hours. I felt that my soul, would fain fly to His embrace; more real heavenly communion than I had enjoyed for years. He blessed the meeting with His presence.

14th.—Took an affectionate leave of the kind family, parted with dear friends in tears; felt to weep that no more had been done. Started for home after an absence of four weeks. Spend the night at W. Berry's. Another family residing in the same house, viz., Dr. G., the soothing and animating influence of whose amiable companion, I gratefully felt. In the person of W. Berry I find true firmness and nobleness of principle, affable and affectionate feelings. In his companion, true womanly tenderness and benevolence; and a good daughter.

Wednesday.—Arrive at home, find our friends well. Happy to come home and rest the anxious mind and weary body.

Sabbath.—Very solemn — weeping. Meeting at Lebanon.

26th.—My mind for several days has been turned from every earthly enjoyment. But to-day find there are influences on earth that can hold a charm on the mind. Husband has been to the funeral of old Squire Wentworth; during his absence I bury myself in preparation for the usual festivities of Thanksgiving-day. I am permitted to attend at the board, loaded with the rich gifts of heaven, and see it surrounded with the happy connections of my dear companion; at the head of the table sit his honored parents who have seen seventy-five Thanksgiving days, and still live to welcome home the circle, long scattered abroad. They toiled through many a summer's heat, and winter's cold, to bring them into respectable and prosperous circles of life. Happy indeed to see and enjoy them again, though thoughts of one sleeping little from us on the hill, of one swallowed up in the waves of the sea, of another twenty-one years absent from home, of whom they had no intelligence, embitter their cup of joy. I read much in the tear that stole from our mother's eye as she looked upon her surviving children. My imagination heard her saying, once I used to see you all around me, once I could go and see you all

safe on your pillows, and ask God's blessing upon you. But some that used to cheer us, and come around the table, have gone through suffering, sorrows and death. I yet live to think of them. One, I know not whether he lives or not. O time, what a change thou hast wrought! Here we are, perhaps never to come together again all of us. Such a day is pleasant, and calculated to awaken numberless associations, bitter or sweet. To me it brings the sunset hour, when my mother, at my father's table, said she should never spend another Thanksgiving with us on earth, and so it was. The next autumn winds swept over her grave. But in the bosom of a companion I can bury my grief, and feel that I am still blest of heaven.

27th.—I have spent this day as I never spent a day before — my mind calm as summer sunset. The sweetest genius of domestic bliss has hung around me all day. I feel as though I was the happiest of the happy. To heaven I lift my grateful eye and bless the day that gave me birth.

28th.—Solemn meeting. Preaching by Mr. C; good liberty. Good meeting in the evening.

29th.—Hoary winter comes again, with war and driving snow, and we are glad to nestle in around our fire while it rages without.

And must the summer pass
So quick, so fast away,
And autumn, with its yellow dress,
Come to sing its farewell lay ?
It was but a few days since we sang
A welcome to the spring ;
Now Spring, Summer, Autumn 'gone,
And Winter now is ushering in.
Oh, rapid time, how quick thy flight !
And thou art rolling us along,
To hurl us into endless night,
Or bear us to the land of song.

Dec. 1st.—My husband is wading through very dark trials of mind — nights of pain and days of sorrow. At night I wake only to hear him pray, O Lord, what shall I do? Again the demons of infidelity and false doctrine roll in and bear his soul away. My ardent prayer that he may, by the strength of that God that will never forsake those that trust in Him, yet come out like gold tried in the fire, more fit than ever before to venture out on the sacred heraldry of the gospel. Fit me, I cry, O Lord, to stand by him, a companion indeed, that may share and mitigate the ills of life.

“No matter what we suffer, if we but reach the shore.”

If by trials and darkness we are more fitted to do good in the glorious cause of Christ, welcome every pain. If from God it is rich blessings.

2nd.—Attend our female prayer meeting; felt much labor and distress of soul; wept profusely.

3rd.—Mr. C. came into the house praising God; seemed to have dropped every burden, and his free soul soared away to God; he enjoyed for hours sweet intercourse with Heaven; he could say with the poet —

“He takes my soul ere I’m aware
And shows me where his dwellings are.”

We feel that the Lord has not forsaken us, though the path of duty is yet dark.

4th.—Cold and chilly Sabbath.

5th.—Attended a funeral of the son of F. Dixon. Sweet the hope that bears the mourner up. Oh, the deep mysterious love and wisdom of God! ’Tis but a glance I sometimes have, and my soul is overawed. How blind have I been to the blessings designed by heaven in the marriage institution, when kindred minds unite in holy union, delighting in each other’s joy, and feeling every pain. Oh matchless, wondrous love, my pen cannot describe.

7th.—Husband has gone to Great Falls to settle his business affairs, where for many years he toiled with deeply anxious mind, to prepare a home for future happiness. For awhile he prospered well. The winds wafted wealth

and honor around him, and hard his ambitious mind clung to his promising business ; but the voice of the Lord was calling him away. A little longer, he said, until he felt that God's displeasure would be kindled against him. Hard as it was to his acquisitive ambition he gave up all to go and preach to a dying world the everlasting gospel. May the Lord go before him is my prayer, keep his feet from falling, and be his shield in battle.

9th.— This afternoon the dear band of sisters have come in to sit and pray and commune with each other and with God. Heavenly season. We felt that the Lord would come and answer the prayers that have been going up during the last summer. It is safe to trust in God. I sit alone in the parlor ruminating on past scenes, on the rich blessing I have, and still enjoy.

Are not thy mercies large and free,
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

Thoughts of my husband come over me continually ; sweet and yet a deep emotion of happiness unearthly, mingled with a solemn sadness, when I think that I must give him up in my heart all to the Lord, to go from his home and leave his fireside lonely, to labor in the great field all white before him ; we know

not where his guiding finger next may point,—all I ask is to be so near the Lord that we may know his will.

O, Lord we wait thy solemn call,
Though poor, impure and frail,
But for thy sake we give up all
And to thy breath we hoist thy sail;
Help us the Heavenward course to keep
While tossing o'er life's boisterous deep.

Dec. 31st.—It is the last night of the year; how rapidly has time rolled away; one year ago this evening I was in the prayer meeting in my father's neighborhood in all the thoughtless ignorance of girlhood. Well do I remember that last prayer meeting. To-night in my chamber I can enjoy the society of one of the best of men, and look back on the great changes, joys and sorrows, which the last year has brought us. Some scenes look sad; but I mark in all my path, ignorance of the world, and inexperience in my situation. I fear I have been in the way of my husband that he has seen no more reformation. Oh, shall I spend another year so slothfully as I have this. I have often tried to know and fill my place but many times I see the pride of my heart has led me astray, and I have come short. Oh, for a forgiveness of every past folly, and grace to begin the new year with more adroitness in duty.

1842, *Jan. 5th.* — Very pleasant, though mingled reflections to-day, as it is the anniversary of our marriage. Swift twelve short months have rolled away, and presented me with much means for doing good, but how little have I done.

Jan. 9th.—Lovely Sabbath. Mr. C. has an appointment at J. Fernald's, but unable to attend — very sick — not able to sit up. Shall spend the months of January and February at home on account of bad traveling. Spend some time in study and review of Latin. Our minds at times are weighed down with sorrow, believing still in Jehovah and that he has a work for us in this place.

Feb. 6th.—A very powerful meeting at J. Corson's.

13th.—at D. Goodwin's Mr. C. preached on faith; found there was strong faith with some praying Hannahs; the Lord is coming; some heavenly movings in my own heart, but so much unlikeness to God I can hardly hope to be used as an instrument of good. Oh, that this opening spring might witness the opening of the prison doors of my mind and all God's professed children; for truly the burdens are grievous to be borne, which coldness, death and sin has thrown upon us.

18th.—Good sermon by Elder D. Blaisdell;

it seemed to be sent of God to the people. I feel weighed down under sin.

If he takes my sins away,
I shall surely love him.

In the evening Mr. C. has a meeting at J. Corson's. I remained at home. After my companion was gone, I wrapped about me my cloak and wandered forth in the dusky, bare fields to meditate on myself and God. Here am I, a worm on this little earth which is soon to be burned. All these hills and plains that now calmly spread beneath a cold, cloudy sky, are to melt and pass away; — yonder heavens will pass away, and all is to change when it shall please the Almighty, according to his word; a change of which man can have no conception. A few days more are we to act as probationers to eternity with all of its awful realities. My heart sinks with fear, a moment, as I think of the strict account I must surely give, and the sinful, proud and blind heart I have had in the sight of Heaven; but amid all my doubts and gloom there is a secret striving in my heart I cannot describe, a something that clings around the throne of God. Is it not faith? I can hear a secret whisper "look and live; come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." I feel

that I would give up all my earthly hopes and spend my days in want and toil, if I can have the clear evidence that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life. Come Lord Jesus come quickly, my soul waiteth for thee.

March 18th.—Went to our female prayer meeting, still sighing and struggling at heart; there I sat and felt that I could weep my life away if it could atone and I could live in Heaven. I looked on my companion as he talked of the prospect beyond the stormy banks of Jordan. O dear servant of God, I thought, there is a land of rest from all your weary toils; but I have been slothful and worse than idle; I fear I shall never meet you there. I ventured out on the mercies of God and He came to my relief. I can say to the honor of God I tasted for a while the joys of the upper world, my soul dropped her burden and rose almost to heaven, where I hope ere long to dwell; but oh, so unworthy am I.

Sabbath eve.—Powerful meeting at J. Corson's; there is a sound of an abundance of rain again heard as in the female prayer meeting. Zion groaned. Sermon from Matthew, chapter iii. verse 3. The voice of one crying in the wilderness.

22nd.—Started on foot and wandered in a storm over hills and vales until we came to a

lovely retired dwelling of J. Gerrish's, to an appointment. Here husband, over seven years ago, first felt the word roll upon his soul, leave all and go forth into the world to preach my word. Here he spent two winters boarding in the family while teaching their school. Such changes by death and sad recollections came into his mind that he was overwhelmed. A brother Jones with whom he had often rejoiced and wept had gone home, whom he used to see there. Years had rolled away, yet through disappointments, sorrows, and some joys, he had been brought to meet the kind friends again. My feelings, as well as his, cannot be described.

23rd — Met with the second female prayer meeting, one that had branched out from the first at S. Dixon's. A heavenly season indeed. We felt for awhile completely unshackled from the world and ready for the work of God. I drank again from the pure fountain and it was sweeter than the honey or the honeycomb. In the evening met with Parson Loring at the Gerrish school house. Mr. C. believed there was a work for him in this place, and would have tarried over the Sabbath but had an appointment at Mr. Durrell's in another part of the town.

28th.—Cold, snowy morning. Rode to the

appointment, although the cloud seemed hanging over the Gerrish school house. Forenoon sermon, "Consider what great things he has done for you." Afternoon, from Hebrews, chapter i. Dined at Brother J. Fernald's, felt burdened and bound. Very solemn meeting in the evening. Thought that the cloud of mercy would soon come here. Spent the night with this family. Sister Fernald prayed, which brought much relief.

Monday.—Came home, but in great trial.

Feb. 4th.—Female meeting at Dr. Jones'. The number, which had been reduced to a very few, now filled the room. In the evening at J. Corson's. Sermon by husband from Jonah ii. 8-9. I will sacrifice unto the Lord, &c. At this meeting a young man came after husband to meet with some Congregational brethren at the Gerrish school house, for a protracted meeting. I went to the female meeting, from thence through the bad walking to the school house. Found the Lord was there of a truth. Saints were awakened, and sinners were weighed down under a sense of sin.

9th.—Met again, the weather beaming fair after a storm. Conviction still deepening and several arose for prayers; most of the preaching by a young Brother Moody, a student, who seemed deeply engaged. Spent the night at

I. Hodsdon's; a very pleasant family. During the night some snow had fallen which we walked through three quarters of a mile to meet again. To-day husband was alone in the desk; but the Lord was with him. He seemed to be entirely borne on the arm of the Almighty. It was a day of weeping and rejoicing; before the close, about twelve, aged and youth, came forward and bowed before the Lord,—it was the work of the Lord truly. The solemnity and cloud of mercy rested heavily down this day, which will not be forgotten. Text in the forenoon, We are journeying, come go with us, &c. In the evening traveled in the storm to an appointment at J. Corson's. The work moved unobstructed and several backsliders came forward; others feared and trembled, for their foundation shook. Monday afternoon attended the conference at Deacon Burrows, and had a very solemn time; sermon by Mr. Moody,—“The hail shall sweep,” &c.

March, 10th.—Mr. C. went to an appointment at Deacon Burrows'; very powerful time. Backsliders came forward.

13th.—Mr. C. expected to attend at the meeting house with Mr. Loring; but in the morning felt duty to go to the meeting appointed by the brethren, at Deacon B's. When he arrived he found of a truth it was the Lord;

for a refreshing shower was poured down. Two offered themselves for baptism, one of whom had been sprinkled in infancy, and belonged to a church. She had long kept back from bearing the cross, and was well nigh sinking in her mind : but to-day victory came.

Sabbath, 20th.—Meeting at the Gerrish school house in the forenoon. Job, chapter xii. verses 7 and 8. Of the beasts learn humility to kneel and obedience to the yoke, sheltering from the storm. Of the fowls learn praise to God ; of the dove learn to fly to the sun, when temptations assail, and learn peace and meekness ; of the earth, faithfulness ; of the streams, the increase of the Christian ; of the rocks, firmness ; of the trees, aspiring to God ; of the fish, to go together and to go against the current and to keep in the element of the spirit or to fear death. In the afternoon, Go to the ant, thou sluggard, &c. The sloth of immortal souls who sleep in seed time, and will have to wail in harvest and find no relief. O Lord save or I perish, for the famine is upon me. What shall I do to inherit eternal life, for I am vile and weak? Shall I, who have done no good thing ever reach the land of the blessed? is not my case hopeless? Lord, thou art sufficient, come now to my relief. Such the feelings of my heart. In the evening, solemn meeting.

24th.—Good sermon by D. Sweet at I Copp's. Pleasant visit at F. Dixon's. Believe the prison doors are opening to my companion, who has been pressed with a long and heavy bondage.

25th.—Good sermon at J. Blaisdell's,—two spoke for the first time. The Lord is with his own.

27th.—After a storm the sun rose fair on our anxious, trembling souls, while at Brother Uriah Blaisdell's. A large congregation assembled. Husband, by the help of the faithful Lord, spoke in demonstration of the spirit from Galatians, chapter vi. verse 1. Subject, The two covenants, showing the meaning and importance of baptism. Then retired to the water, where Brother E. Brock was led down into the beautiful stream that rolled sweetly at the base of a hill, and came out with loud praises to God. Then followed the tried sister E. Corson, who had been much remonstrated with for her strict adherence to the command of God; but the Holy Spirit hovered over her, and accepted the obedient child. She came out saying, I was right, it is the Lord's will that I have done.

Husband was happy. I felt that I had married one commissioned of God to go preach and baptize; and that God did own and bless him at this time. How beauteous are the feet

of those who stand on Zion's hill. Why should we doubt? The Great Head of the church will direct in every step those whose eye and trust is wholly on him. From obedience to the call to go to meeting on the 13th, at Deacon's B's., these saints came forward; and from this meeting was appointed another for others who were desirous of following Christ. Thus the work is carried on by the unfailing hand of our Redeemer. All praise belongs to his name, for great is his loving kindness.

Monday.—Called to see sister Corson; found her happy; she said she could now say with a calm that she never before felt, that to obey is better than sacrifice. In the evening returned home, praying that we might bring Jesus with us, a prayer peculiarly answered. Never did I enjoy more of the presence of God than while sitting by our own fireside conversing on the divinity of Christ, and his great mission to earth to purchase with his blood the privilege we this moment enjoy. Truly his spirit teaches as never man taught,—searching the deep things of God; who, when dying, the power that left his human body, shook all creation and returning carried that body to heaven. Returned again to earth and is now at the door of every man's heart, even the heathen. Every man that cometh into the world feels this

knowledge of right and wrong and reverence for one begotten of the spirit of God. Oh, the wisdom that cometh from above, how deep!

30th.—Visited Brother Stevens' family,—found an afflicted yet very patient young female, whose trust was in her Saviour. In the afternoon a large assembly met at Brother J. Fernald's; sermon by Elder D. Blaisdell; after which repaired to the banks of the pond near, and saw my husband lead William Randall and J. Fall into the water, in obedience to the command of their blessed Lord.

April, 1st.—My husband troubled in soul for Brother Fernald's son; saw him bow the knee and beg for mercy; trust he was delivered. After several calls, with an uncommon pressure of mind, arrived at Brother J. Blaisdell's—believed it duty to call, knew not why; but the hand of God never leads his obedient children wrong, although human wisdom cannot fathom the design. The angel of mercy came. His only daughter bowed and begged for mercy, and the Lord came and smiled on us, we humbly trust. I have not for several days felt so immersed into the spirit and work of God as I desire, but now feel the Lord is near to grant my prayers. I will not rest in such sloth.

Sabbath, 3rd.—Husband preached at the meeting house from Matt. Give place.

April, 7th.—Fast day — we meet for baptism at Uriah Blaisdell's. Husband spoke from Ephesians iv. 5 — one Lord, one faith, one baptism. 1st. The one Lord Jesus Christ. God made manifest in the flesh, the same that was before Abraham; that was born of the virgin; that wrought miracles as God; that suffered as man; that ascended to glory and is now by his spirit lighting every man that cometh into the world. 2d. Our knowledge of Him by faith, and this without works is dead. 3d. The works necessary to keep faith alive, in which baptism as a command of God is included. Hence we acknowledge the one true God by obedience to his command, accompanied with faith in his word. His wonderful spirit was hovering around the spot when the ordinance was administered, in an unusual degree. Sister Goodwin led in by my husband seemed to stand upon the water, so filled with the spirit that she did not realize that she was in the water, or was baptized beneath the waves. The happiest scene I ever witnessed of the kind; after her a lad about eleven years of age.

9th.—Deacon Burrows called to request Mr. C. to attend a meeting at his house on the Sabbath. Through the day waded through deep trials, yet holding on to faith as my only prop; but rested my soul on Jesus.

Sabbath morning.—One of the happiest of life ; I with my companion seemed to pass into the Canaan of rest and joy by faith, and tasted its fruits. Oh, glory to God for the hope of heaven and the presence of our dear Jesus while journeying along ! Met a happy company of saints. Sermon from Solomon's Songs, instructive and delivered with power ; it was food to our taste and water to thirsty souls. 5 o'clock, at Mr. Stevens, where our dear sister was sick, but very happy in the Lord, Sermon, There remains a rest for the people of God. A very refreshing season ; saints alive.

12th.—Went to the protracted meeting in the east part of the town ; rather low, but prayed and labored until help from the upper regions came down.

Tuesday evening.—Mr. C. spoke from John iv. 6,—Wilt thou be made whole? Spoke of the unhappy disease of sin, and the remedy, *grace*.

Wednesday.—Prayer and exhortation through the day ; many came forward to the anxious seats.

Thursday.—Mr. C. preached forenoon and afternoon. At the close there was great power, many crying together to God for mercy, and some found deliverance, to the praise of God. The cry had got into the heart of Zion.

Friday.—A refreshing shower fell upon us, and there was a shout in the camp. My soul was fed from the banqueting house of God's love.

April, 23rd.—Attended meeting at Deacon Burrows'; happy season. Sisters Martha Doe and Elizabeth Burrows offered themselves for baptism.

Sabbath morning, 23th.—A very large assembly collected at Brother U. Blaisdell's. Mr. C. spoke with much of the presence and aid of the spirit from Romans ii. 7, 8, 9. 1st. The honor that the natural man seeks passes away and brings no joy, as of the conquerors of kingdoms who have died and their honors with them; the liability of the professor to seek for honor from the world and himself rather than from his Lord. 2d. The sure way of gaining honor that is immortal, viz., patience and continuance in doing right. 3d. The glory and happiness of the eternal life promised. 4th. The character of the contentious and disobedient and the fearful denunciations against them. An uncommon degree of feeling both of joy and sorrow. Martha Clark came forward with the above named sisters, were baptized and went on their way rejoicing. Others also desirous of going forward soon.

Monday.—Felt impressed to write a line of

warning to Miss L. D., who was once engaged in religion, but very low. Felt sweet peace after doing what I could, hoping the blessing of God might attend. In the afternoon visited Widow Legro, who has long been afflicted; felt the approbation of God while trying to talk and pray with her. Happy are they who wait only on the Lord. *Selah.*

May, 2nd.—Went to the conference at Deacon Burrows', and there enjoyed the refreshing presence of our God. Our aged Brother Elder D. Blaisdell, though very feeble and sick, felt the animation and strength of youth; his soul was filled and his voice like peals of thunder. Others were very much swallowed up in the boundless ocean of God's eternal love. Praise and honor are due to his name forever.

Friday.—After an affectionate parting with our dear friends, rode to Great Falls. In the evening attended Brother Horne's class,—good time. Next day called on old friends of Mr. C's.—was much affected in view of the busy world and the many active minds that well might rise in the scientific, moral and religious world so buried and bound in the cares of a selfish world. The same routine day after day. Oh, the thousand demands of nature that the industrious hand must meet. In the afternoon

rode to B. Ridge, called at Brother Hanscom's, found them very low and distressed; prayed with them and gave words of encouragement. Spent the night at Brother I. Heard's; enjoyed a good season, especially with old father Smith and wife.

Sabbath morning.—Went to the meeting; large number assembled. The church rather low. Preaching forenoon and afternoon. But few met for prayer meeting; find the brethren all chained in the dungeon of Giant Despair; but we think the Lord is calling them to arise and throw off their chains and move forward.

Monday.—Spent in calling from house to house; enjoyed the approbation and presence of God at times, yet clouds and the depression of Zion often roll over us. Still we are determined to conquer though we die.

10th.—Cold, windy morning; with a heavenly peace of mind rode to Lebanon.

23rd.—Happy meeting of the sisters at L. D. Spent a few days in visiting, especially the sick, and attending meetings. New Durham Quarterly Meeting held its session with the church in Lebanon. Sermons by Elders Sanborn, Davis, Pinkham and T. Stevens. Mr. C. could not sleep through the night on account of distress he felt for the people.

25th.—Rode to North Berwick; met after a

year's absence with the friends on B. B. Hill. In this place husband had labored with sorrow and great opposition, and the Lord blessed his labors in the salvation of many souls.

June, 1st—Waterborough Quarterly Meeting holds its session in this place. Very interesting meeting; prospect of good.

Friday.—Went to B. Ridge from a sense of duty. We felt that the Lord was ready to come and revive his work, but the church was very low. Visit from house to house, trying to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance. Some were tenacious of their indulgences, which we thought detrimental to the cause of Christ.

Sabbath.—Listened to an excellent discourse from sister Mrs. D. H. Lord. I believe the Lord directed.

Monday.—Husband gathered the brethren in church meeting, while I met with the sisters in a prayer meeting, and saw them covenant together to continue the female prayer meeting until they saw a revival of religion. Long shall I remember that first prayer meeting.

Tuesday.—Spent in visiting, talking and praying with the people.

8th.—Returned to Lebanon; the meeting had continued fifteen days; several had been converted, but the work did not seem so deep and thor-

ough as desired. Some labored, while others we feared held prejudice or something that kept them from the sanctuary. Mr. C. and myself have for months felt a great pressure in the place. Yet the Lord has given us feelings for the people to pray for enemies. I feel as though I would spend and be spent to save these souls. Many I fear will go to ruin through the stubborn or blind idleness of professors in this place. Oh, for a sweeping power that shall destroy all the hay, wood and stubble from God's house.

12th.—An anxious meeting where nearly forty assembled to be conversed with, at D. W. Horne's, while brethren met for prayer at the meeting house.

June, 28th.—Heavenly season on the sandy banks of Winnepisogee Lake, near old Elder Townsend's, in Wolfeborough, where Mr. C. baptised James Edgerly, George Y. Firbir and Widow Edgerly, as the sun was casting its silver rays over that beautiful sheet of water. God's approval of right motives in great enterprises. Changes of national government manifest in America. The adventurers, Cortez and Pizarro, from Spain and Portugal, for selfish gain, proved a curse, followed by anarchy from Mexico to Chili. Nor were the English settlements under Raleigh and Smith successful.

Twenty-five years after the discovery of America, Luther shot forth a divine light, over the darkness of the Old World. England became protestant with many errors. To reform these became the aim of some who were called Puritans. Puritan age began in fifteen hundred and fifty. In fifty-eight, eight years later, Queen Elizabeth reigned; but did not favor the Puritans. The church of England was established in fifteen hundred and sixty-four. In fifteen hundred and ninety-two a law was passed requiring all to attend the established worship under penalty of banishment, and death, if returned. Under the pressure of these persecutions, the humble, Heaven-trusting band came to America. Not for gold, power or honor, but to worship God. Seeking a worship without a prelate; government without a king. Hence from such affliction baptized rose the glorious superstructure of religious tolerance and benign institutions of America. England attached the death penalty to over one hundred crimes. The Puritans reduced theirs to eleven. They strove to raise men to the dignity of law. Now men degrade the law to a level with their corrupt selves. They made Christian character and membership requisite to a civil office. Who should direct the affairs of government but men of God? The latter seemed their only defence

against the English Church. John Elliot's Indian Testament was published in 1661; the Old Testament in 1663. He founded a church and built a meeting house in Natick,—all Indians, some years before. In the same language Elliot translated Baxter's Call, and other books, and made a grammar. When Elliot was seventy, King Philip's war begun, which was the knell to the Massachusetts Indians. They were sent to Deer Isle, where the aged Elliot visited and comforted them. The day of his death he was teaching an Indian chief his alphabet. His last words were, Welcome joy. Died rich in faith and good works, 86 years of age.

July, 1842.—Visited relatives in Hampton Little River, (so called) where we saw the power of God displayed in a wonderful manner; many of the fishermen of that place signed the temperance pledge. Have meetings in Rye; some revival.

July 4th.—Went to Kensington to what was then called a Miller Campmeeting. Mr. Miller was present, preaching the doctrine according to his reckoning that Christ would make his second appearance in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, which caused great excitement throughout the land. Charts were exhibited, endeavoring to show that the proph-

ecy of Daniel would be fulfilled at that time. Great enquiry to know if these things were so; there we met Elder Elias Smith for the first time; enquired of what he thought of the doctrine; replied that he did not believe the Lord would reveal to us down here in the bushes what he would not let his Angels know. Returned to Lebanon with the expectation of soon visiting Hampton again; but the work of the Lord commenced again in power, scores were flocking to Christ, therefore tarried at Lebanon for several months; husband preaching and baptizing the happy converts.

Jan. 28th, 1843.—Birth of a daughter.

March.—Visit my old home at Wolfeborough. Mr. C. returns to Lebanon. On account of the drifting snow had to stay at W. several weeks before my husband could come for me to return to my home in Lebanon. Spent the summer in domestic affairs, visiting, and attending meetings. For the few past years my husband has traveled some among destitute churches, but on account of poor health has engaged some in the labors on his farm. We have done what we could to advance the cause of education in this place, so much so that the friends of education propose to build an Academy, that the youth may have the privilege of storing their minds with useful knowledge.

April 15th, 1847.—Birthday of our oldest son. Felt a divine consolation as in spirit I drew near the altar of God and gave back the gift I had received, most sincerely praying that he may be taken into the house of God as his servant, and if continued on earth, that his life be one of holy consecration to God and eminent usefulness. I would ever feel that living or dying he is not mine but his who gave him. I pass the spring and summer in feeble health, often quite worn out with the care of my little one who seems to share my infirmities, requiring many hours of care. A dear brother who feels that his sphere in life is to be one of responsibility and spiritual labor, seeks some facilities for moral and mental culture at the Oberlin Institute, Ohio. The friends of Zion groan, being burdened while they behold her waste places, made so by the great Advent excitement; a chilly delusion seems to spread all over the churches. And the words of the faithful fall like idle tales upon the ear of the hardened in sin. A heavy despondency presses upon the hearts of such as seek the soul's best interest.

But there's a light religion gives
Serenes far than Luna's ray;
That wanders 'mid the folding leaves,
Or on the sleeping waters lay.

Young pilgrim o'er life's stormy sea,
By fearful tempests wildly driven,
Look up, look up, it shines for thee,
And points thy fragile bark to Heaven.

1847.—Our honored father, Rev. S. Coffin and mother C. are visiting the Western States—Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. Father is laboring with good success, seeing saints revived and many hardy sons of the prairies submitting to be saved by gospel grace.

Sept.—Joyfully welcome our returning parents after an absence of twelve months, safely returned to count the blessings and preserving mercies of God in bringing them safely through their journeyings of some five thousand miles. Greatly interesting to hear their recitals of the past year. Father had been very near the gate of death with fever. Sister C. is teacher in Charlestown Female Seminary, where she has an opportunity of doing much good. Sister S., having finished her education at Hartford is a seamstress in Rochester Village, New Hampshire.

Dec.—Visit Wolfeborough. While here, a little brother, John Riley Coffin, aged two years, sickened and died; a sad bereavement; while we weep his loss on earth angels welcome his sinless spirit to regions of light, health and love.

June.—Visit Ossipee and East Wolfeborough, — enjoy a heavenly season at Brother Nute's. Found Sister N. sick ; she seemed much revived in spirit when we left. Some interest in Ossipee, but very low. Called at J. Plummer's in Milton,—a good spiritual family, where we have had many pleasant spiritual visits ; learned that a good Sister Varney wanted to see Mr. C, but he could not conveniently go, as she lived a few miles away.

Oct.—Rev. O. B. Cheney and home brethren thought best to commence a protracted meeting at Lebanon and make an effort to break from the spell-like gloom that brooded over us. Elder Elias Hutchins labored with us in love, meekness and much assurance. Some displays of God's power were manifest in moving saints, and two or three sinners indulged a hope in Christ. But far less victory was gained than hoped for ; yet those who humbly labored were made to rejoice in the glorious light of God's approving smiles ; but to some we fear, those means of grace were a savor of death unto death.

Feb.—Visited Wolfeborough again and called on our good Brother Plummer's ; learned that Sister Varney was desirous for Mr. C. to stop in the place. Groaning in spirit and believing that Mr. C. had a work to do there for the

Lord, is why she had requested him to call. As he had felt an increasing interest for the place, Mr. C. left me at W. and went back. No sooner had he entered the place, than the spirit of the Lord fell upon him and his soul travailed for perishing sinners. Before the setting of the sun that day he saw poor backsliders, long slain witnesses, humbly confessing to God and seeking their first love. The work spread in a powerful manner, until some twenty young men and several young ladies were trusting in the pardoning mercy of God; a bright dawning on the long darkness that had enveloped Zion. While at Wolfeborough, my little son was very sick with the croup, and I felt the calm trust with which I had given him up strangely tested; but was enabled to say, Lord, he is thine, do as it pleases thee with thy own. Lo! when my stricken soul looked for death, life and health were given, and my heart praised God. Mr. Cowell, having labored day and night, came to W. for a little rest, and to take me back with him to West Milton. Here my soul was awed with a deep sense of the awful presence of God, but hesitated not, but to do with my might what I found to do. One evening while the anxious were going forward for prayers, one young man arose, singing, I am on my way to Canaan, and

walked to the anxious seat; others arose from their knees after praying and commenced singing, "We'll disappoint the devil." To those who knew how long and hard satan had held these young men, to see them thus break his ranks, was a scene of thrilling interest.

One evening I went to take a seat among the anxious to mingle my prayers for their deliverance; I happened to take a seat by a young lady, a stranger, who was weeping bitterly. I turned to speak a word of encouragement, when I heard a heavy, quick step behind me, and the hand of her father was on my shoulder. I turned round and met a gaze that I shall never forget. Rage and fury seemed flashing from his eyes and his looks I dare not describe. He charged me not to coax his daughter, he did not want it. I smiled assent. I felt that God was my defense, I could pray for those who would not go themselves, and those that would, they hindered. I afterwards learned that the adversary made a mistake in this move; for a hardened young man who was sitting with this father, in seeing him persecute me, as he said, began to reflect,—is this my company that I have chosen to associate with; such a spirit will certainly have its punishment. Such thoughts so fastened on the young man that he saw his wretched state and fled to Christ, and

found a happy freedom from his guilt. Mr. C. soon baptized him with several other happy converts. But how soon was this bright scene to be overshadowed. A minister, who formerly preached there, now a very ultra Adventist, came in with a spirit of controversy; and some old professors who had stood aloof from the work, began to cast fire brands among the flock and a distressing declension followed. May some of the converts live to honor and glorify God.

April 18th.—Have several boarders, scholars who are attending the Academy. Endeavor to exert a holy influence over them. They often join us in reading the Bible in the morning; have several interesting conversations with them, especially with one young man who professes infidelity.

June.—Left alone. Sit at our table with our own family, it being the first time for four months past. Prepare for the Yearly Meeting, which is the W. H. Yearly Meeting. Much company. Among others, Ruel Cooley and wife, who are soon to sail to India as missionaries,—lovely couple. Heaven's blessings attend them! A vast crowd at the meeting. My health extremely poor. Part with Belinda Folsom, a kind young girl, who has assisted me,—a student for several months.

June 24th.—Found myself under new obligations to honor and thank God for his preserving grace. Another little son was given to our charge, another offering to be made on the altar of God, another soul to train for eternal destinies. Oh, how my spirits are pressed by the weight of responsibilities! Heaven's throne is a fountain of wisdom. What a privilege to be permitted to draw therefrom! Three little ones now to call me mother, and look to me to shape their future characters. The summer is one of extreme debility, sometimes just quivering on the verge of time, just ready to launch away. Oh, what sublime and solemn views were before my mind, as I neared the awful scenes of eternity! The parting hour on earth; the real, undreaming review in which my life should pass before the eye of eternal justice; the strict scrutiny of my hopes, were passing often through my mind; and while friends came silently around my bed, as they supposed, to take a final look at my pale features, my soul seemed held in perfect quiet. There was another scene in life that I believed I should act. One object far above all others seemed to hold my mind yet a little longer. Though helpless ones were around, and near friends to wish my stay, yet the thought that I should be the humble means of leading some perishing soul to Christ, made

me feel that life's work was not yet done. When I was able to get to the window, to look upon the earth, a dismal scene presented itself. Vegetation was withering away beneath a scorching sun day after day; springs and fountains of water were dried up, and far as eye could see was desolation and dearth. Papers brought intelligence that cholera was raging to an alarming extent. A day of prayer was appointed by the Governor of the State, for us to remember before God our sins, with humility, and pray for mercy in the midst of judgments. Never shall I forget the grateful emotions with which I was aroused from a short slumber by a copious fall of rain. The rush of the wind, and the dash of the big drops against my window made delightful music, which seemed to waft upward my grateful soul in humble praise to God, who hears and answers prayer, and who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear."

After I was able to leave my room, I received a visit from my brother from Oberlin Institution, Ohio, with his wife, a teacher in the Institution. My brother had been absent two and a half years. I was so overcome with joy at seeing them, that I could not speak, and my weak frame trembled violently, and I was obliged to take my bed. His wife was taken very sick,

for several days unable to rise from her bed. It seemed a time of peculiar afflictions, yet we trusted in Him who said, "My grace is sufficient." I parted with my brother and his wife, feeling it among the uncertainties that we should ever meet on earth again. Felt to pray that he, with ourselves, be possessed with that humble, meek grace that shall convert life's ills to sanctifying blessings, and prepare for greater usefulness.

Have long been in the furnace of affliction, but feel that I shall yet see a day of peace and greater prosperity. Mr. C. labors part of the time on Plummer's Ridge, in Milton, and sees considerable interest manifested.

March.—Begin to feel that God is drawing near us again in mercy. Remarked to callers one day, I was quite sure we should see the power of the Lord displayed, and felt a singular assurance. They looked surprised, and seemed to say, I hope so, but do not see any prospect. Our spirits were burdened with a sense of God's sublime présence in the place. Mr. C. held a meeting, and a solemn feeling of conviction was evident, especially among the students of the Academy; lukewarm professors were revived. Mr. C. held a consultation with the Preceptor of the Academy, Rev. O. B. Cheney, saying to him, he believed good was coming. Mr. Cheney

commenced having meetings at the Academy, mornings and evenings, and a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit followed. One morning a lad came to our door, his eyes red with weeping, exclaiming, "Do go out to the Academy. We attempted to begin the school," he said, "and those who could not study on account of the burden of sin, went up into the hall to pray; those below attempted to go on with their studies and recitations; but one after another would close their books to listen to the groans and cries above, until they all left the school-room and joined the praying company." By noon, several who had been vain young persons, came into our doors, smiling with heavenly joy; they felt that their sins were forgiven. Several of the scholars indulged a hope in Christ, some of whom, we confidently hope, will be instruments of great good in this sinful world. It seemed that my own soul, while permitted to encourage and help lead along these precious lambs of the flock, and weep and pray with the distressed and rejoice with those that rejoice, attained to a place nearer to the throne of God and fountain of heavenly joy than it ever before found. I felt that I belonged to God; I was not my own, but His, to do with me as seemeth good. Precious consecration! Nearer, nearer let me nestle to thy faithful bosom, O my Father.

Sweetly draw me by thy love. Let me never
from thee stray.

Though the world with charms may dazzle,
To lure my heart to seek its joy ;
Yet here alone is Pleasure's fountain,
Holy, deep, without alloy.

Oh ! what vain, deluded mortals !
That dream away life's fleeting hour,
Without one glance at Heaven's mercies,
Till they're withdrawn and all is o'er.

Then what anguish ! Oh, what anguish !
Will possess the waking soul,
To mourn a Saviour's offers slighted,
While unceasing ages roll.

March, 1849.—A very interesting conversation with my little daughter six years old. After reading to her a pretty story of a dying mother conversing with her little daughter about heaven, my little girl came and threw her arms around my neck, saying with sobs and tears, mamma, I want to go to Heaven and live with you and all the good. After telling her that God required of us lives of prayer and holiness, she resolved to pray daily and never do wrong if she could help it. What will you do with the wrong you have already done? I inquired; you know it is all remembered in heaven. Oh, I don't know, mamma, what shall I do? I then endeavored to explain the way

that Christ had opened by his death, and for his sake our sins were forgiven if we humbly repented. She afterwards seemed deeply interested in divine things, often conversing with her little mates and urging them to live good and praying lives.

Lebanon, April, 1850.—Some very interesting meetings in the north part of the town,—revival interest spreading. Brethren F. and M. from Great Falls, came and entered into the work. Mr. C. lets his store to J. O. R., a young man of talent, who apparently is a Jonah running away from the Lord,—fear that he will not find at last that he has done what he could, and enjoy the approving smiles of God. A fear to meet the cold criticisms of an unfeeling world keeps him from yielding to the spirit which is in his heart, a smothered fire prompting him to leave all and be a fisher of men. Yet a little while and we fear that the last flickerings of that holy fire will go out, then how great will that darkness be.

Sept.—Mr. C. has passed the summer mostly at home upon the farm; health very poor,—children sick most of the summer; one little boy and husband very sick with typhoid fever; a babe also sick in the cradle; but little prospect of recovery. While I go from couch to couch of suffering and disease, I feel that in

Heaven is my only helper; and surely He does not forsake me. Feel a sweet reliance upon his promise, though I pass through deep waters he will not forsake me; — feel strengthened in body and mind to meet the excessive demands upon my strength; and from whence but from Thee, my Redeemer. Truly thou dost remember me, and not a hair shall fall without thy notice. Thy rod falls in love.

Dec.—Mr. C. and the children have been brought up from the brink of the grave; while Father Cowell, who was taken sick near the same time, has finished his days of extreme suffering and found his everlasting rest. He desired the time to come when he should be released; selected the text and hymns, and Rev. E. Place to preach at his funeral.

Feb. 1851.—Visit Wolfeborough.

March.—Feel a deep labor and anxiety of mind,—believe God's presence is in the place to convict and save. Go about my house with a mournful heaviness on my heart while the multitudes, moving on to ruin, are continually before my mind; — distress sometimes so great I can scarcely relish food. Am sure it is the approach of the Almighty in judgment or mercy. Why fear to pen these sensations since they seem so evident to my own heart!

March.—The school has commenced; some

are heard to say they hope there will be a revival as heretofore.

April.—An interest is manifest, several are anxious, others are indulging a hope in the mercies of God and seem firm, decided soldiers of the cross. How gracious art thou, O Lord, how manifold are thy works. How great is thy loving kindness to the children of men. How sublime and divinely fair thy footsteps as thou comest to walk in thy garden, to water and revive its drooping plants. The lilies send forth sweet perfume at thy approach and the tender herb looks up and is glad. Dreamed I went out from my door, a light snow lay on the earth. A few paces from the door found a lamb lying on the ground, its fleece filled with snow, its limbs cold and stiff. I attempted to raise it up and help it to walk; it sank down again entirely numb, and made no effort, but seemed ready to perish. I took it in my arms and brought it near a large fire that was blazing on the hearth which I had just left. Oh, who is that lamb entirely chilled by the cold snows of worldly influence and pride, and sunk down to die in full sight of the door of Zion's tents? Strengthen that which remains, O Lord; for it is ready to die.

May.—Visited a Mrs. Charlotte Corson who is very near death; attempted to pray with her

and lead her thoughts to Christ, her only support. She had long indulged a secret hope that she should rest in heaven when her sufferings were ended here. On a second call, she again requested me to pray. Heaven seemed near while bowed before God's throne by the pillow of the dying woman. I have a peculiar satisfaction in being around the couch of sickness and administering to the wants of the suffering, both spiritually and to nature's requirements. It is in doing good to others that the highest good of life is found. She died a few days after.

June.—Attended the Wolfeborough Quarterly Meeting—very rainy—returned home, and visited by request a young man, C. G., a young student, who was very sick at his boarding place,—bowed and asked the blessing of God upon him. Remarked to my husband that Doubtis Falls was constantly before my mind; it seemed to me that God was to work there and they needed *him*; he thought so much of it that he decided to go. He had been chosen to town office, and other business so occupied his attention that he concluded he must give it up. I began to feel that God's will was not done and that Mr. C. was being ensnared by the world, at a time when he should labor for God. I began to ask the Lord to send some

one after him and take him away from his business ; such was the distress of my mind. We had heard nothing from Doubtis Falls in North Berwick for several months, then why an interest? What were our feelings within a few days of those exercises of mind, when a Brother Neal from that place came after Mr. Cowell to go and labor there. A revival had commenced and help was greatly needed. He went with Brother Neal, spent a week, and sent for me to come and assist in the great work of saving souls from everlasting perdition. I went agreeable to request, and spent the Sabbath. A solemn and impressive scene,—much opposition from those without, but the converts were steadfast and bold in the Lord ; enjoyed the meetings, felt the divine presence most evidently, sat beneath his shadow with great delight. The meeting seemed productive of much good, several were made new by being washed in the blood of Christ, henceforth, as we trust, to be followers of that which is good. How incalculable is the good resulting from the influence of one faithful convert ; it never ceases.

August, 26th. — West Lebanon Academy commenced its fall term. We have three boarders, young ladies ; one of them very gay, S. W. ; feel much interest for her spiritual welfare, converse long and often with her ; sometimes

answered only by tears ; pray with and for her. She finally acknowledges herself a backslider from God, and commences again a life of prayer. We hope when she is exposed to the allurements of the deceitful world she may still cling to Him who alone is able to save the young heart from sorrows in store for the unwary votaries of pleasures. Oh, how many are treading the dangerous paths in fruitless search, amid the world's vanities, for rest to the mind ; the empty void, that continually thirsts for the divine and holy, the congenial and only element that will satisfy the eternal cravings.

Surely, the soul of such infinite capacities can never be satisfied with finite, transient vanities. Thou, O God, art my chief joy, the spring of my delight. In Thee is all fulness, and none ever sought thee in vain.

September.—Learn that Sarah, the only daughter of Capt. C., whose wife deceased in June, was very sick ; did not see herself, unwilling to die. So pressed with domestic care it seemed impracticable to visit her, but my desires were urgent to God for the descent of his spirit upon her heart. During the day following, felt a burdened anxiety for her and a great desire to see and converse with her ; but could not be freed from my duties at home. In the evening she sent for me to visit her. Shall

I here chronicle the silent secrets of my heart, perhaps never to meet the eye of mortals? Why, then, fear to write the whole desires of my heart, and evident condescension of God to lead me in a way I knew not? I felt so anxious for the sick girl and so doubtful if I could be more successful than others who had labored with her, that I made prayer unto God if He saw fit to aid or lead me to any means that would reach the heart, to move upon her mind to send for me, I should therefore believe her mind open to receive what I would say and my labors might not be in vain. I hastened to her side, though weary from excessive cares and toils of the day, but mentally praying God to speak through this unworthy child, a willing, waiting maid at his feet. I enquired why she sent for me? She replied, to pray with me. She seemed willing to be led in any way in which she thought she might find the Saviour. After the many who came in (as she supposed) to see her die, had dispersed, I was alone with her and another watcher, and her father. I remarked to him, a moral, upright man, that his daughter had requested me to pray, but I felt exceedingly humble, and desired him to lead in the devotions of his own altar. He replied he had never prayed with his family, and did not feel fit for such a solemn duty. I most humbly

and in full overwhelming view of my weakness and the value of the few moments now remaining for such a duty to be blessed to a dying daughter, entreated him not to withhold this spiritual blessing, the prayers and blessings of a father from her for whom he could make any earthly sacrifice. He was indeed the kindest of fathers. I urged the peculiar state of apathy of mind of which she complained as calling for such a special means of moving her heart. He bent over her with a trembling voice, and asked if she wanted to hear her poor neglectful father pray. After urging her to give herself to God, he bowed and humbly committed her to God, with his own heart. After following him in prayer, I asked her to utter her own desires to the Lord. She then in low, solemn, broken strains of confession and penitence implored the pardoning mercy of Heaven. Exhausted, she sank into a calm sleep. The family retired, and Miss C. and myself watched through the night. She was much revived in the morning, both in body and mind. In a few days she sank down and was no more. But her mind before death grew stronger in hope of mercy through Christ, and expressed a willingness to depart. Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever. Thou art full of compassion. My soul is filled with thy love. All the day do I dwell on the wonders of Thy ways toward the children of men.

1852.—Spent the winter at Lebanon. A long, severe, cold winter, very much increasing the brochial difficulties to which for several years I have been subject. Some days scarcely able to leave the room; violent pain in the side, and a great pressure in the respiratory part of the system. One day rode out with Mrs. G. to visit the sick; took with me some jellies to nourish and comfort them; called on a Mr. Knox, who came from extensive wandering over the world with his heart far from God, to spend a little time with his father. While in the woods he fell from a tree, broke his back bone, and was soon expecting to be in eternity. Through the mercy of God he so far recovered as to have time and strength to repent and give his heart to God. He seemed to rest in hope. From thence we called on a very feeble woman in the most humble walks in life, with scarcely any comforts; but she rejoiced in bright prospects of riches in heaven that are durable and of joys that are unending. After singing and prayer, during which she shouted for joy, we left for a scene more distressing. We entered a house hardly worthy the name; a poor shelter from the fury of the storm. As might be supposed the husband and father loved his base appetite better than his forlorn wife and sick and dying babes, One, six years old, a helpless

idiotic sufferer, was at rest in death, lain away in an old broken chest; another, some years older, was ever wringing and jumping with a nervous affection, the sad result of the violation of nature's laws by the parents, lay helpless, pale, and comfortless in a pillowless cradle. Others, too small to feel their wretchedness, looked wistful and kind; while I caressed them, my tears of maternal tenderness pressed to my eyes as I remembered my own comfortable home and warmly clad babes. Thou that hearest the ravens and rememberest the shorn lamb, wilt thou remember these? Surely the monster intemperance has robbed here more than gold — has taken health, reason and life away. We bowed in this scene of woe, and tearfully committed them to God. This abode of want has proved an outlet to the pent yearnings of woman's generous heart, to dry the tears of woe, and make the wretched smile. The sewing circle have assisted them, clothed the children, and sent them to the Sabbath-school. Returned home with an approving conscience resting like a quiet dove in my bosom. The most we can get out of life is usefulness.

March, April and May.— Spring term of the school brought us several boarders, young ladies. I often felt a deep solicitude as I observed the frail fortifications that defended them

from the snares of a vile world. Endeavored to throw around all the influence in my power that would guide them in the ways of virtue and truth. Oh, how much I long for the moral and intellectual elevation of woman. The mass of young female minds now rushing on after the phantoms of pleasure, fashion and folly, sure to end in misery, is painful; and were it once set toward high and holy aims would promise more for our nation's preservation and peace than all its navy, wealth or science. Woman, susceptible of the finest and most ennobling feelings, generous impulses and highest aims — capable of such strong purpose and long endurance and persevering effort, unequaled by the lords of creation, that she should spend all her noble energies in gathering for her person mere butterfly gaudiness, to win the vile flatteries of the selfish and deceitful, or drag out a life of listless ennui, content with being the mere toy of the son of fortune, is far, far from the design for which such a being was given to earth.

July, 1852.—Mr. C. engages to preach at Berwick every Sabbath; but by reason of the sickness of his nephew his time during the week is occupied at Great Falls, in a store. Most of the time I am alone with my children and my heavenly Father,—my daughter is sick with acute bronchitis. Within a few weeks I have

prepared a few short articles for the Press : two for the Cabinet, New York ; four for the Myrtle ; three for the Mother's Assistant, Boston ; and an address on Female Benevolent Organization, of some twenty-two pages, to be read before the female part of community.

August, 23rd.—Mr. C. has gone to Berwick ; a revival interest is manifest there and in other places ; the divine showers are descending, while here reigns a melancholy drought, both spiritual and temporal. My daughter is still sick. I have stayed away from the house of God two Sabbaths on her account. She manifests a meekness and patience altogether unlooked for in one so young. She says she loves God and would like to go and live with him. There is a divine joy in gathering around me my children morning and evening and leading them to the throne of grace, one after another joining in worship to the Great Spirit. Rev. O. B. Cheney has preached his farewell sermon and left for Augusta, and Rev. Benjamin Webber is settled over the divided and contentious people. Who shall be able to bid the troubled waters to be hushed? Text first Sabbath—Peace, be still. Rev. B. Webber and wife occupy a *ténement* in our house. My little Hosea is very feeble, strong symptoms of consumption, ripening early for the reaper's scythe.

January, 1853.—The cause of God seems to prosper under the direction of Rev. W. Two worthy young men converted, and the divine spirit seems hovering gently over the companies gathered for worship. Mr. C. is enjoying a great revival in Berwick, baptizes several and adds them to the church.

Spring term of the school commences, have two young ladies to board, neither of whom have professed religion. They become very thoughtful, commence lives of prayer and indulge a hope in Christ. Meetings continue interesting, while the powers of darkness seem moving and writhing as though they would crush the good seed being sown. Some, not able to bear the truth, have seized on some imaginary difference between the pastor and people, and attempted to destroy and crush all good; yet the Lord will reign, and who shall abide the day of His power.

August, 25th.—Addition to our family by the birth of a daughter. Our little Hosea seems again failing,—has passed many nights in cold sweats and a hard cough which resists all medicine and care.

Sept. 1853.—Have had a severe influenza—almost too much for nature to sustain, yet the Lord has brought me through. Our sickly boy seems very active, his intellect much more

developed than the other children. I look on his red cheek, pale cold forehead and panting breath, where seem unwelcome presages of an early grave. He seems very desirous to learn of Heaven, often asking many questions about the employment and situation of those in heaven; once pressed his enquiries of the angels and not being satisfied with all the information I could give, was about to cry with disappointment, I said to him, When you go to heaven you will know all about them.

One morning he awoke, with a happy countenance, exclaiming, "O ma! I have had such a pretty dream! so pretty! so pretty!" "What was it, sonny?" "Oh, I dreamed that you and I went somewhere away, away off." "How?" I asked. "I don't know how we went,—rode, I guess. Oh, such a pretty place! It was like,—Oh, it was like,—I can't tell, ma; it was not like a house, but it was so pretty!" Thus he went on, in vain attempts to bring into language the beautiful picture that glowed in his mind. Some days after, he referred to it again, as if the bright vision was still with him, and said, "O ma, don't you know night before yesterday what a pretty dream I had,—how we went somewhere?" "Where?" I asked do you think it was. "Oh, I don't know, but Heaven, I guess; but it was so pretty!"

One evening, several met for social prayer meeting at our house, and I supposed my little Hosea slept. During the very interesting exercises the words were sung,

“I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Canaan, it is my happy home,—
I am bound for the land of Canaan,”

At the close he exclaimed, “What a good meeting we have had ! I did love that singing, and I sing too.” The words were his delight many months after. Often he said to those around him, “I am bound for Canaan, and wish I was there.”

December brings us the sad event so long expected and dreaded : My sweet, my active little Hosea, has spread his spirit wings and flown away to the bosom of God above. His hard cough, his rattling murmuring breath, no more shall break the midnight silence. Sweet boy, I know thou art an angel now, thou wast such as Jesus loved and called to his arms on earth. Oh, I see thee in his bosom nestling fondly now. A new, a blessed relation we have entered into since thou hast gone up from our circle, and borne with thee a golden cord that links us with heaven. It can never be broken, we can never forget to love thee, and look up where thou hast gone and feel thee

drawing us by the golden chain thou hast twined around thy own pure heart, while it extends around us all. A short time before his departure to the land of rest, I saw him drawing his hands up, his frame quivering, his eyes turned upward, I thought it was death. He clasped his hands, raised them up, turned his eyes toward heaven with such an expression of holy peace and calm resignation, I felt it rude to weep. It seemed the very door of Heaven was opened and its glory was shining on his quiet face. Oh, shall I ever forget that scene ! no never, till we meet in Heaven.

Dec. 4th.— We stood over his little bed and saw the last fall of the chin, the feeble gasp of life ; yet there was light in our dwelling amid the awful gloom of death. Oh, how rich the consolations of the divine word, how sweet to feel, as my dear, darling boy plunged into the boundless eternity, forever beyond our sight and reach, that we have done what we could. The sweet consciousness of duty done is far more valuable than wealth or fame to the bereaved and bleeding heart. He has gone, dear boy, but not to a land of which he has never heard. I remember with pleasant emotions the hours of prayer, when his little head would come quietly under my arm to bow beside me as I knelt at prayer ; and then I think how

pleased he has been when we taught him some simple words of prayer. I think of the winter evenings when alone with the children I have told them of the better land, of the blessed Saviour who loves and watches over the good and pure; I love to think of the bright dreams that have followed these evening conversations while they were in bed and fell asleep with these last thoughts on good and holy things. Oh, for grace and perseverance to labor more diligently for those that remain,—to build a bulwark about their hearts that will defend and secure them against the fearful and corrupting influences that are in the world, when I am gone home. I often lift up a grateful heart when I see already some of the divine influences effecting their hearts. It is grace, all of grace. The utmost that watchful, unwearied love can do, cannot change the heart, it is God alone. This I can do: I will labor not to lay up garments and costly furniture, not wealth for their future enjoyment, but to lay up prayers on the altar of God that they may hereafter fall in blessings, protecting and guiding influences on their hearts when those who love them are gone.

Mrs. Webber's health fails. She has wandered far from her native land and her lot cast with us, we hope for good.

April, 21st, 1854.—Mrs. S. Webber, wife

of Rev. B. Webber, breathes out her life in prayer and goes to her rest. She has suffered extremely,—has no relatives near but her husband. I have tried to be to her a daughter, a sister and friend. I now feel a sweet approving conscience of duty done to the stranger, the sick and suffering. Her early life was spent in London, England, and was one of marked usefulness in bringing hundreds to the Saviour, who will rejoice to meet her in heaven.

Sept. 8th.—My darling babe, my sweet little Sissy lies calmly yielding her innocent spirit into the hands of God. Oh, my adored Father in Heaven, thou in love didst lend her to us, in love and infinite wisdom, thou art taking her away; let my weary spirit, my dissolving heart, lean upon thy bosom and rest. Yes, thou doest it, thy name I love. Thy ways are right and just. Sanctify my soul and make me what thou designest by thus again thrusting me into thy crucible of affliction; I will love thee and will draw nearer thee; I will silently bow before thee, and own thy sovereign claim to all the work of thy hands, if thou wilt let me again enfold my angel babe in Heaven. O Father, thou wilt bear up my soul and let me not sink, and bring me also into thy presence, whither my babes are going one by one. How ardently my soul longs to be possessed of thy nature,

purity and truth, and accomplish all thou hast designed by giving me existence on earth. Thy will forever be done. A few hours after writing I saw my sweet babe breathe her last, and her little quiet face settle into the cold rigidity of death, no more to smile her welcome to her mother as she has so often done; no more open those mild eyes in loving gaze responsive to her mother's love. How tender are the cords that were around thee, my babe; with what delicious tenderness have I pressed thee to my bosom, and felt thee like angel's company because thou wast so innocent, so winningly sweet, so unlike the artful disguise of the world around. Now, my Father in Heaven has called thee, and perhaps has sent the happy spirit of that little brother, already there, to come and bear thee company far up the celestial pathway to the better land. Thou art gone from a mother's yearning heart, and my spirit goes after thee and is almost ready to say, now, Lord, let thy handmaid depart and be at rest. Those who most needed a mother's love and care are taken to their rest, and why should I longer stay. Is not all that has been appointed, now accomplished? Have I not attempted to discharge all my obligations in life? Feeble and unworthy efforts, and many put forth in sincerity and kindness, perhaps

misconstrued ; yet with Thee, my Father, I leave them, feeling if thus far I have lived in vain, I have not lived idle ; but have failed through weakness, of the object to which I aimed.

Sept., 19th.—Days have passed since my sweet babe has lain in the silent ground. I go about my domestic duties in moaning, sighing over the melancholy void that death has made. There sits her empty cradle, no more to lull the weary pain of my darling babe. I shall never see her sleeping there again. Her clothes, the little chair, the toys, *all* bring to my heart a pang of yearning sorrow ; yet I can bear all this, for the Lord has done it, and I know He cannot err. I weep, I woo the pensive grief as my chosen companion ; I love to sit alone and indulge the luxury of a mother's tender sorrows, and let my spirit wander far away from the delusive and painful scenes of earth, to the bright home my loved ones have entered. I see them in the bosom of Jesus. He can care for them far better than I. How keenly I feel I am insufficient for the great and solemn duties of a parent, to be intrusted with immortal souls that are to receive from me the impress of good or evil, never to be effaced. Can I, Oh, can I discharge what yet remains to me of such stupendous obligations, unless I have help from above !

28th.—Where shall my sorrowing heart find rest? It is full of heaviness. I know not where to turn; yet this one idea seems to rise above all others, and hold constant dominion in my heart,—it is that of being soon discharged from earth, and going to rest above. The objects for which I have heretofore lived seem fading away, and my eye fixes an eager, steadfast gaze on the hill-tops of the blissful shore. In the awful grandeur of the contemplations, what inexpressible emotions sweep through my soul! To be with God, the great unapproachable by mortals,—to gaze with eye undimmed upon His majestic countenance, to live upon His smiles and forever enjoy His love, and then to find, in blissful wanderings over its elysian fields, those dear, those loved babes, and again enfold them to this now bleeding bosom. Who can describe the tenderness of that grief when a sweet child, who has nestled so fondly, so confidingly in my arms for twelve months, is removed and laid away in the silent earth! Painful emotions press for utterance, but cannot find it. Yet I would not for one moment call back that dear one from her happy home, much as I would love to look once more into those mild, winning eyes, and press that tiny form. No, she was dear, but is no longer mine. O my Father in heaven, I implore Thee to speak

to the billows of grief that toss and foam in my heart, for they well nigh overwhelm me! bid them be hushed, and own Thy power. What could bear me up in this day of my weakness and affliction, if Thy hand did not hold me? My grief is doubled, that she who was in my arms when my dear boy was torn away, to gather up the bleeding tendrils and twine them around her sweet, holy spirit, has now broken them all afresh. Was it not idolatry in the sight of the Great, the only worthy to be adored, when I looked with such bewildering bliss into her deep spiritual eyes, gazed on her fair and beautiful face, and felt that in herself was happiness? I have sinned, O my Father, in Thy sight, and was well-deserving Thy chastening rod. Now, I deeply desire and truly pray Thee to bind my heart to Thy throne, and sanctify all my afflictions. Suffer me not to sin in the strong desire that possesses me to break these clogs of clay and soar away from earth. I fear I am too weary of its toils and sorrows; too anxious for the harmony and love of heaven. Truly, never had all the things of this life been so lost in the glorious contemplations of the spirit world,—never did the mystic veil so nearly roll up, and disclose the overwhelming grandeur and beauty of the dwelling-place of God, the abode of angels, the place for the

good, the home of the pure, the rest of the weary. Each breeze that sweeps over the hills seems fraught with life, to bear up the wing of viewless spirits who float around me and invite me and draw me away. Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly away and be at rest.

A beautiful bird came in and lighted on my window. I took it in my hand while it fluttered and escaped and bruised itself against the glass in its eager attempts to cleave the air and be gone. I raised the window, held the little impatient prisoner far out in the air, and set him free. What joy as it spread its wings, mounted higher and higher and soared away and away, joying as he went to its own native clime and kindred dear. True emblem of the strivings of my own imprisoned spirit; my heart leaped and mounted in unison with the bird, for it foreshadowed to me as I stood gazing after it, the happy souls released and buoyant, mounting up to God in its own native realm.

There my best friends and kindred dwell,
And there I long to be.

October, 3rd.—Retired at night with great heaviness of heart,—felt there was no balm for the bleeding wound in my affections. Gentle sleep at last came over me, and my spirit was caught up to Heaven where God resides and

viewed glories unutterable. A vision of grandeur burst upon me as never did before. Oh, that holy, happy place, no words can bring to mortal conception. During my pilgrimage, so far on earth, I never before was led up to see its glorious entrance. By faith's dim taper I made my way along the pilgrim road with here and there a rich repast, but never before with such clear transporting gaze, beheld the New Jerusalem, the glorious City of our God.

Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Surely in the day of darkness my God is near me, from the depths of anguish he lifts me up, and makes me to understand his living kindness.

He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are.

He leads me in a way I know not; surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

25th.—I feel my spirit settling into quiet trust and sometimes moved with strong desire to exemplify to the world the true graces of the Christian faith. If by continued affliction only I leave behind reliable evidence of the power of grace to sustain, let it come.

November, 15th.—Left the house that has been my home from my marriage, and the scene of many sorrows; the birth of four children, and the death of two, and removed into a new tenement near by. Old home, good-bye—many sad and tender memories will linger long around thy spacious apartments. The death scenes of those dearer to me than life, will be ever rising first with thoughts of thee. Let me wander where I may, never can pass away from memory or cease to cast over me, that shadow which claims all earthly joys and leads the mind to look above to the lights that have passed away from earth and fixed themselves, like beaming stars, in the midnight sky, beaming sweetly over the way. I look long and wistfully upward until I almost forget the things of earth, and feel my spirit mingling in delicious affinity with spirits of a high and holy order.

April, 1855.—Long time have I neglected to commune with my journal or make, as heretofore here and there, a track of the inner progress or spirit's pilgrimage upon its page. A great and glorious display has been witnessed of the power and goodness of God, since this year commenced. This people contentious, envious, and filled with all evil devices and evil speaking, have been left to themselves without a spiritual teacher for some months. No meet-

ings of worship on the Sabbath. One weekly class meeting that commenced with eleven who agreed to labor for union and pray for this people; Mr. C. leader. I was requested to take charge of a Bible class, which met at our house. Likewise agreed to have the sewing circle meet evenings. On the first meeting there were fifty-seven present,—members of two families who had been at variance joined hands and agreed to remember their strife no more. Union, love and happiness seemed to prevail, and interest greatly increase in religious meetings. Mr. C. appoints them more frequently,—crowds begin to gather,—the cold and backsliders in heart to return confessing to God and his people; and one young lady, Dorcas G., has found Christ. Sabbath meetings being holden; deep solemnity seemed resting like a cloud filled with rain over the place. Rev. E. Place came and preached two Sabbaths, filled with the spirit. Mr. C. was requested to preach in the Academy, as the meeting house was desolate and unfit for service. The proprietors, who had been full of contention, met and unanimously agreed to repair their house of worship. The sewing circle met often during the winter to raise funds for that object. A deep work of grace seems going on in the hearts and an entire new aspect has come over

the community. Converts multiply until they number more than twenty new born souls within half a mile around. Mr. C. has labored with the brethren in the place, with an occasional visit from other ministers.

The humble class numbers fifty-one, and the place has become too straight for them; and there is scarcely a place to be found that can convene the crowds that come to the place of worship. Many have been reclaimed from a dormant, useless state, and still many are under deep conviction, with a solemn sense of their lost condition without God and hope. Our earnest prayer is, that God will still move and exert His Almighty power in saving lost men in this place.

April, 25th.—The great work still goes on in this place; have had very welcome visits from Revs. Edgerly, Rand, Webber and Tappan; each preached to the people. Enjoyed a liberal donation visit and had a very pleasant interview. May Heaven's blessing fall in return on the cheerful giver. They do not wish them called gifts, but a remuneration as an acknowledgement of the labors of Mr. C, in this time of need and destitution. Others recently have found the Saviour. How divinely fair, how richly glorious, how supremely grand thy goings forth, O Lord, in this place. Almost we

can say like Simeon, Let us now depart we have seen thy salvation; our souls are trusting in Thee. Thou art my soul's adored Redeemer, her everlasting trust. How firm our confidence in the word of God in his willingness to hear and answer prayer, and his over-ruling power and faithfulness in marking out the best path for those that trust in Him. Perhaps nothing but the chastening rod that He has laid on us could have so prepared us for the great work in which He has thrust us for a few months past. Nothing else so completely weaned me from the world, and all vain, selfish motives, and fixed my mind and directed my aims to the soul's all important destinies. Never did I feel more entirely free from a worldly or self interest; in whatever I do I feel the one great object moving deep in my soul, to labor for the Glory and honor of God and the good of souls. With this happy consciousness, I look into the future with most peaceful trust, let it unfold what it may for me, all will be well. "Great peace have they that love thy law and nothing shall offend them." Mrs. D., a neighbor, has been suddenly called into eternity. It is the voice of God calling us all to be ready. I often feel should my exit be thus early, I would have it written on my coffin, rejoice that I am with God. It seems so delightful to come into the

open presence of Him I have so ardently loved, so often communed with, so long trusted in, and feel that I shall, and grieve Him no more, but be forever clothed in his righteousness and dwell in his visible glory.

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay,
Should Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Yet not in myself can I see or feel the least good but in Christ. I sometimes feel absorbed and forget that I exist, other than in His all-ravishing fullness and glory. What am I that I should find acceptance with such a being of holiness and power! Surely I am as dust; yet He lifts me up and makes me understand the exceeding riches of His goodness.

Sept. 1855.—More than one year has passed since I lay my sweet babe down to sleep in the grave. It has quickly fled. How insufficient I felt to bear on life's way a year longer; yet my Keeper was at hand, and has not suffered me to faint; while another billow now darkens my way, fraught with many sorrows and perhaps death. I have only to wait still on God. How many tokens of love I have had from my dear children. How soothing has been its influence over my spirit amid the ills of life;

and now how inexpressibly fervent is my prayer that they shun all evil, grow up in the fear and wisdom of God, be a great honor to their Heavenly and earthly father, and meet me at last in heaven. No sin can enter there; for without holiness no man can see the Lord. May they hate sin, love each other, read the Bible much, and pray every day that God may keep them and at last take them to rest. And remember that a mother has often prayed for them, and perhaps looks down from Heaven to watch the path of those she loved on earth. My spirit daily leans on the fatherly bosom of my God who has so often proved Himself the Faithful and True. The ever-present help in trouble cannot fail me now. No! I firmly hold Him by my spirit's trust, and I daily and hourly feel sweet tokens of his love distilling like refreshing dew around my head. I awake from pleasant dreams at night and feel His loving presence is with me and guards my midnight hours; and when I think of again going among those who I have often heard praise and extol the name of Christ, a warm desire springs up in me to be able to make His glorious character more known and imitated. I would live for one object above all others, to reflect in my life the excellencies of the true faith.

A precious female prayer meeting has been

held in our house for some weeks past, in which by kind arrangements, I have had the rich privilege of mingling in social worship. During the long time passed in making arrangements in the church, to unite two in one, which has long been divided, and settling a pastor, the mind was becoming diverted from the great revival interest, so long pervading our community. To maintain the earnest zeal for the continued progress of the good work, the sisters have met and prayed, and not in vain. The work has again revived, seven have started for heaven, fifteen have been baptised, and a hallowed influence pervades the place. Rev. F. Moulton has been engaged to become pastor and has already commenced his labor among us. My worthy father, who has purchased a farm, and lives within a few rods of us, has been taken suddenly sick, and for a few hours seemed near his end, from a violent hemorrhage. The near prospect of the loss of such a kind parent nearly overwhelmed me; yet he lives and may continue to be a blessing to his family and the world. Few ever had such a father as I have. How great have been the blessings and mercies that have fallen on this unworthy head!

November, 1856.—More than a year has been numbered with those before the flood since my pen has been turned to this record. Another

darling son has been given us, and a very choice treasure he has been to us, often as a balm to a bleeding wound, have we pressed his little chubby form to our bosom; yet with all the strong affection with which we hold him, we trust we have consecrated him to God. And often as he lay sleeping on my breast, my prayer has ascended to *his* God and *my* God, that he be sanctified through grace and faithfully serve and honor God on earth and praise him in Heaven.

My father has been restored and is again in the wide world proclaiming salvation to lost men. The church has seemed low in spiritual life, yet we long most ardently for the light of life again to dawn upon us. But to retrace the path of my own inner life. I dwell with satisfaction upon the bright spots in the retrospect where the Divine favor burst through the clouds of sorrow in which I was enveloped, leaving a bright halo, lingering still, to mark the spot and to shed forever a beacon ray along life's path. A few weeks after the birth of our son, my health and strength was again prostrated by a severe abscess and fever. For several days and nights I could obtain no sleep; the pain of the abscess and the raging of the fever brought me to a very low point, the last extreme that reason could hold her sway; quivering, tremb-

ling as on a pivot it hung ; on that mysterious point, between consciousness and the dreading vagueries, and the uncontrollable spirit burst beyond the curb of reason. When at last the abscess was lanced and the pain subsided, I sought again to lose myself in sleep ; but it fled from me. I began to say to myself, these many days and nights I have sought rest and strength in sleep, and so great has been my pain and weakness, I have scarcely lifted one thought to Heaven, but have seemed to forget there was One who has said, "Call upon me in trouble and I will hear." Now I will cast my mind on God, and let it rest and give up all anxiety for the body ; for he will take care of that also. I was soon lost to all earthly consciousness. A Being of life was hovering down before me,—a countenance which no language can ever describe. No ! It must live and glow upon the page of my heart's vision in beauty too exquisite ever to be painted ; clouds were round about him, but his face was not hid in it ; there was an expression of majesty so awful as if the universe would dart away in dismay at His power. Yet blending with this grandeur of authority and power, there was an expression of love so benignant, so serenely beautiful, that seemed to invite the humblest of all existencies to come near and call Him Father. As

I gazed in calm delight upon the glorious vision, I beheld in his hand a deep urn filled with a rich liquid of the consistency of oil and the color of wine, which he seemed just ready to pour down, I knew not where. Just then came thrilling through my mind with a force I never before felt "I will pour in the wine and the oil of consolation." Then again came the words, "I sat under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste." As a child by its resemblance establishes its paternity, so did these words and the Divine image before my mind, seem of one nature, all Divine. At this moment came such an intuitive certainty and perfectness of the divine origin of the Bible, as was beyond the power of argument. When the glorious view faded away, there remained in my heart such a feeling, such an indescribable luxury of love and trust in an Omnipotent Love, as can never be forgotten, and seems to me can never be surpassed (only in quantity not in nature,) when I shall be united to the Infinite in Heaven and be surrounded with the atmosphere of perfect love. How vast the power; how broad, high and unfathomably deep the love of Him who cares for us. When shall we understand Him. "Lo, He is past finding out."

Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
I'm lost in His immensity.

Thus in one of life's extremities was I permitted to enjoy one of the richest experiences of my Christian pilgrimage.

LOOK UP, LOOK UP TO HEAVEN.

Voyager o'er life's stormy sea,
By fitful tempests driven,
When sorrow's waves seem whelming thee,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Laborer on some burning plain,
Thy life for heathen given,
When sinking under toil and pain,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Soldier on life's battle-field,
Where foes have well nigh beaten,
Once more ere thou the contest yield,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Watchman who the vineyard's soil
Would guard from sin's vile leaven,
When fruitless seems thy weary toil,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Sinner low with anguish bowed,
Who pleads to be forgiven,
When dark despair is gathering round,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Mourner bending o'er the tomb,
To weep love's tendrils riven,
Amid death's solemn, silent gloom,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Mother, who long and weary years,
For others' weal hast striven,
When thankless words requite thy tears.
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Bondman, whose heart with anguish bleeds,
Inflicted seven times seven,
When life's last faintest light recedes,
Look up, look up to Heaven.

Hear angels, whose enchanting notes
As soft as summer's even,
On every coming breeze it floats,
Whispering Heaven, sweet Heaven.



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INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MOSES QUINBY AND WIFE,

In Memory of their Daughter, who died aged seven years.

I am going home, said the dying child,
I'm going to be an angel now ;
And the little sufferer meekly smiled,
And a glow of light lit up her brow.

Papa, you've held us on your knee,
And told us much of Jesus' love,
How little ones like sis and me
Were living in his home above.

And when, dear father, you have told
Of that rich city, bright and fair,
With gates of pearl and streets of gold,
Oh, how I've wished I could be there.

And now, papa, I'm going home ;
The shining angels I shall see ;
They're near me now, they're saying, come,
Listen ! I'm sure they're calling me.

I know you'll weep when I am gone,
I love you all, yet cannot stay ;
You know I shall not go alone,
This angel band will lead the way.

Mother, you know I've loved the flowers,
The singing birds, and cool soft breeze ;
When sick and weak through summer hours,
I've pined to play 'neath shady trees.

And now one simple thing I crave,
When I am buried with the dead,
Come plant a tree above my grave,
To spread its branches o'er my head.

The spot I know you won't forget,
But as it grows from year to year,
Beneath its shade you'll come and sit,
And drop perhaps for me a tear.

The little form grew stiff and still,
And fainter, shorter grew each breath,
One feeble moan and all was still,
It was the solemn hush of death.

PART SECOND.

The Saviour comes, but there's a cloud
The light of His loved face to hide,
His hands are strange, for there's a shroud
To veil the marks of the Crucified.

He, His voice is as one unknown,
The stricken hearts grow faint with fear ;
For ne'er before had the holy one
In robes of death approached so near.

The bosom heaves with strange wild pain,
The earth seems hid beneath a pall,
While surging waves like the storm-beat main,
With whelming flood on the spirit fall.

The angel one comes nearer still,
The dark-gloved hand has touched the heart
Its chords with deeper anguish thrill,
Its tendrils bleeding, quivering, part.

The conflict's past — the severed ties
Have loosed their mighty hold,
And lo ! before thy weeping eyes,
The Saviour's arms thy child enfold.

Then, Oh, what majesty and grace,
Compassion, love and tenderness
Are beaming from that glorious face,
As words divine, the mourner bless,

The vision rising now from sight
In distant glory fades away,
As stars that cheer the long dark night
Are lost at last in brightening day,

Down the skies there steals a tone,
Soft breathings of the father's love,
"Still nearer, nearer to my throne,
Thy treasure and thy heart above."

The wound must bleed, the tears must fall
The sweetest, tenderest ties are riven,
Yet there's a hope that glows through all
You'll find your angel child in Heaven.

THY ANGEL SISTER.

Inscribed to Miss Nancie H. Stevens, Alton, N. H.

Hear ye not the low sound of her hovering wing,
Blending softly the while with a dear spirit tone,
As thy sister, thy angel, stoops earthward, to bring
Viewless balm to thy bosom, now bleeding and lone ?

"I am here," she is saying, "I'm near to thee still,
I am come from a region of unclouded day,
And its flowers I bring, at the Holy One's will,
To bestrew here and there thy lone pilgrimage way.

"I am watching the shadows that over thee steal,
As ye muse o'er the past, and the dear buried dead,
And I hasten to quiet the pang that ye feel,
And to kiss off the sisterly tear that ye shed."

Yes, she blesses thee still, though never on earth
May'st drink from her eye love's hallowed light,
Never more hear her voice, round the quiet home hearth,
Nor thy kind vigils keep by her couch, the long night.

She's blessing thee still, and her angelic hand
Wakes to music celestial, thy sad spirit-lyre,
And a light streameth down from a glorious land,
And a voice ever calls, "Come up higher, come up higher!"
West Lebanon, Me. C. B. COWELL.

COMPOSED FOR MISSES COOK AND STEVENS, TWO
LADY BOARDERS.

How sweet and tender is the tie
That binds us heart to heart,
While few sweet days have fluttered by
And brings the mournful hour to part.
And will thy thoughts in kindness dwell
On her who pens these lines in love,
Who sighs to speak the word farewell,
And prays for union sweet above ?
Good-bye, a kind and long good-bye,
The words send back a tender pain ;
For who can say that yon and I
Shall ever meet on earth again.
Yet fare thee well, and may our hearts
In humble trust to God be given,
That when life's latest ray departs,
We find a union sweet in Heaven.

THE SILENT LESSON.

BY CRADLE-SIDE.

It was the quiet, meditative hour of the Sabbath twilight that Mrs. Lynde, a mute mother, was sitting alone in her pleasant room. The holy Bible was before her. She had been reading and musing on its priceless treasures, when little Carrie, her second daughter, stole softly

to her mother's side. A glow of innocent beauty was on her face as she turned a beseeching and trusting look to her mother's doting gaze. What would my sweet daughter have? was the language of those eyes, but never of the lips. Immediately the hands of little Carrie were raised, and pointing to the Bible, her head, her heart, then upward to God, give this silent utterance to the wish that her mother would take her on her lap as she had often done, and read and talk to her of God. Although but six years of age, Carrie had evinced great love and unusual understanding of the wonderful things of God. The child of pious parents, though both deaf mutes, the amount of religious instruction Carrie had received through their silent language, was blessed in the early maturing of the Christian graces in her almost baby heart. It had long seemed her highest joy to be engaged in singing holy songs or talking of heaven and its blessed company. On this occasion her mother again took her upon her lap and began reading to her the twenty-third Psalm — "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

With a look of increasing satisfaction the child watched the moving of the mother's hand, and the varied expression of her face, now and then smiling assent, as she caught the sublime

thoughts that leaped from the waving hands, until she came to the fourth verse—"Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death," &c. Here tears glistened in the eyes of Carrie, and raising her hands with an involuntary shudder, she made signs that she was afraid. For a moment she covered her face with her hands and wept. Then without any further suggestion from her mother, she slid down from her mother's lap, and dropped on her knees in prayer. The scene grew intensely solemn. The mother, though forever deaf to human or earthly sound, seemed to hear a voice within. And while her own heart was swaying in sympathy with the child-sorrow that seemed too deep to hope or ask for any earthly aid, a voice seemed saying to the soul, "Be still and know that I am God." So awful yet sweet did the Divine presence seem that she dared not interfere with the grief she so unexpectedly had moved. A few moments the little suppliant, in words that have no record on earth, poured out her prayer, then arose with smiles of joy beaming through her tears, and said,—

"I am not afraid now, for Jesus loves me and I love Jesus."

She then asked to be taken in her mother's arms again, while she repeated the Psalm. The mother again read and explained, but feeling all

the while that she was more taught than the teacher, by this singular lesson of ready trust and faith in this child heart.

The usual vivacity of Carrie returned, and after this event she seemed even more spiritual and buoyant than before. She was often heard by the children (all of whom could hear) repeating or singing the above Psalm, and sometimes reading it in the Bible.

The dreary chill that for a moment lay upon her happy spirit, was but the shadow of the fast coming event. She was taken very sick in a few days from that interesting Sabbath evening. When her parents manifested any alarm, she would very earnestly express with her fevered hands and face, that God made her sick, and she loved God — that angels were with her, and she longed to put her arms around them. So bright and extraordinary were her visions, that her friends thought her mind wandering, until various test questions proved her truly conscious, but filled with the Divine glory. She seemed to have a view of her upper home, and tried to give expression to her delight till her hands were stiff and cold in death. Such was the signal blessing upon the faithful labors of pious though mute parents.

LEAF FROM A MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

BY CRADLE-SIDE.

It is when I turn to the mother's letters in the "Free Talks with Our Friends," that I feel I am indeed reading a "Mothers' Journal," where page after page is presented, marked with the impress of the inner life. Cloistered in the profound of home, shut in from the sight and sound of the outside world, of what should the mother write, but of the workings of these secret springs of the moral being? Yet how few and faint the voices that ever come up from this obscure deep! How many noble deeds and holy aspirations here have birth and death, and leave no record but in heaven! And notes of woe, waked by some ruthless sweep across the exquisite spirit harp, echo round these walls and die unheard. It is here, to the retired and often desponding mother, that the Journal comes, with its words of love and cheer, and heart answers to heart in the free talk of editors and mothers. Here I would drop a simple leaf, a reminiscence, which may savor much of egotism, yet may interest from its connection with one by all esteemed—I should add if I may but escape the mouth of

the oblivious "waste basket"—which yawns between us.

It was one of the sunny days of July last, that a little missive came from our good editor, Mrs. H., saying that she had "arrived in the country, and was too feeble to visit, but wished to see her early friend once more in the flesh." Within a day's ride and on the spot dear to us both by countless tender associations, could I resist? When weak lungs and home cares chimed in remonstrance, the stirrings of early friendship for once prevailed. "I can be housekeeper," said the oldest of the hopefuls. "I would like to be driver for mother," said the second. And the little ones? "I can take care of them," continues the first. Well, dumpling cheeks and baby lips press their mother's, and the good-byes are shouted as we ride away. We "journeyed and were sad." Is it ever thus, that a cherished pensive shade blends with all that is tender in our nature? The varied songs of nature, all blended in one low, dull hum, and the grand scenery of the Granite State seems like a veiled statue. I longed to rouse and feel, as once, its hallowed inspiration. Ay, the bow long bent springs not back at once. The "solemn-footed hours" tramped slowly on.

There it is at last, the dear familiar spot,

once my own paternal home, but passed to strangers now. The shade and fruit trees that I used to watch when tender saplings, bowing to the wind, how changed! There are the tall elms that droop their long branches over my mother's grave. Stop here, sonny, I must stand on that dear spot once more. Mother, thou hast long had rest. Thy toils and cares now are mine. We shall meet soon. Life's stern lessons are making their impress on thy child. Precious dust, early home, a tear to thy memory.

A little farther on, and almost hid by thick foliage, is the early home of my friend. There she has stolen away from city toils to drink the mountain air and coax back her waning strength. Now I catch a glimpse of the white balcony on which we walked at summer twilight and sung to the echo of the hills. What a rush of tender memories! what a strange thrill quivers over the heart chords! — Shall we indeed meet again? Will she, (forgive the thought) be the same warm-hearted Carrie of other years? I had never seen her as Mrs. H. I had not long to query. Hand grasped in hand, with steadfast gaze we stood.

"Is it C——?" she said at last.

"Only her shadow," was replied.

Another silent, motionless gaze. What,

tears! but they would come. Was it rude, was it weak? We saw, indeed, the mask that time with its care-lines had wrought out, but there was "the face behind the mask," the heart beneath — warm, fresh, gushing with pure and tender sympathies as in early days. That was untouched by wasting years. The electric glance of eyes familiar had unsealed those hidden founts, and their upspringing joys were quick and tumultuous. Would you control them? Go, then, with rules of intonation to the babbling, leaping brook — go beat a measure for the merry zephyrs that dance among the trees. Would they not brook restraint as well? But you smile at this enthusiasm, and perhaps we pity your want of it. But those deep, deep eyes I looked into, I see them still. There lay the volumes of the past years' history — maternal, editorial cares — but stay, my pen, this page must not be unfolded here. We will not tell you, mothers, how nearly we have seen life's early dreams fulfilled, but only add a couplet that will find response in your own weary hearts : —

"Choose of life's paths which one you will,
'Tis upward climbing, climbing still."

I CANNOT DISTRUST PROVIDENCE.

BY CRADLE-SIDE.

"No, brother," said a minister to a brother minister with whom he was dining, "I cannot distrust Providence, however deep I may sink into trouble."

They had been conversing on the variety of trials through which a minister's path often lies, and as they moved back from the table, the conversation became more personal and definite. The first speaker was an Englishman, and true to the English character, had, during his acquaintance with the American family, where he had been stopping, maintained a general reserve in regard to his personal history. He was now in deep affliction, having but a few months before buried a promising and dutiful son, an officer in the American navy, and one on whom he had hoped to lean in his declining years. He had now just returned from the grave of his companion, alone — but one relative and few acquaintances on the vast continent of America. The kind words of his friend; the true sympathy he had shown him in his bereavement, had broken down the reserve of his great English heart, and he began —

"I have seen too much of the care of my heavenly Father in my great extremity to fear that I shall be overwhelmed. In early life I was comfortably settled, with a pleasant home, a good business, a happy family. I was what we term in our country a local preacher of the Wesleyan Methodists. Such receive nothing for preaching, but labor through the week and go out in surrounding districts on the Sabbath and preach to a class of people who are not able to support a minister. I had enjoyed good privileges of study, both in theology and medicine. For my medical practice, as for my preaching, I sought no earthly reward. At this time I became security for a friend, and through his mismanagement, my entire property of some thousands was swept away in one day.

"My next move was to hire a tenement in the city of London, where my business would be a little more remunerative. I was hardly settled again when my son was taken sick, and unable to hire a nurse, I took care of him so much that I took the fever myself. Here again our daily bread was cut off. A physician was called, to gratify my wife, yet having studied medicine during a chaplaincy in the hospital, to which I had been appointed, I told him wherein I should choose my own treatment. He was one of the higher class in the city, who feel it

popular to ridicule the humble Christian and his Bible. He came in one morning and found me bolstered up in the bed, reading. 'Aha,' said he, 'getting well fast. What have you there?' 'The Bible, sir.' 'Oh, you believe in the Bible!'—From this point a protracted argument commenced with the infidel doctor, which to the honor of God I say it, resulted in a favorable opinion of Christianity on his part, and a valuable friendship to his humble patient. He took my oldest son into employment, refused all compensation for his services, and I was once more earning our bread.

"Yet trials were not ended. My wife was taken very sick, and I was again nurse and attendant, until the last penny in my possession was spent for a little milk. I was a stranger in that great Babel of the world, without one penny, my wife at the point of death, and four little children dependent on me for food. I gathered my little ones as usual around me, gave them the last meal in the house, read the Bible, and committed them and my poor wife to God.

"Now, brother," said the strong man, with a slightly tremulous voice, "this is a point in my history I have seldom revealed; the world would think me romancing, and I should be looked upon as a lunatic. Yet it lives in my

heart as one of the tokens of God's faithful care, when the world's friends have forgotten us.

"The younger children were sobbing around their mother, she trying to comfort them, and to commit them to their heavenly Father, as well as assure them that their earthly father would care for them. I had prepared for her the last nourishment I had, when a loud rap came at the door. Now in London we know the character of a caller by the manner of their knocking. An indifferent business call is announced by one loud blow of the knocker. But when the rapid triple knock is heard, we know a friend is there, who wishes and must come in. I opened the door, when before me stood a lady dressed in splendid silk, and having about her every indication of wealth and high rank, while her face bore an expression of tender, benign interest.

"'Is any one sick here?' she asked.

"'Whom do you want?' said I.

"'Why I want to know if any one is sick,' she asked.

"'If you called to see any one you must know who it is,' I said, still evading the question, from mere amazement at the strangeness of the affair, for one so much above our rank to call on such an errand to our humble door, at such a time.

" 'There must be some one sick here,' she said, 'and I feel that they need my help. I must see them.'

" Softened almost to tears by what seemed to me this divinely sent evangel, I said very low, 'My poor wife is sick,' and led the way to the chamber where she lay. She surveyed the room, walked around the bed, talked tenderly and piously to my wife, and laying her hand on the head of my little weeping boy, asked him if he could take a basket and go home with her. She then walked to the mantel, lay a full purse upon it, saying, 'This is for you, do not fear to use it.' What could it all mean? The little lad soon came back laden with little delicacies for his sick mother. The contents of the purse supplied all the wants of the family during my wife's sickness. But the sudden and mysterious visitor could nowhere be found, and to this day I have never been able to learn from whom this timely assistance came. I can only say the Lord has done it, and how can I distrust him?

" But His care did not cease here, and when her body was arrayed for the coffin, the last of the purse was exhausted. The expense of burying in London is heavy, yet I had not a penny to meet it. A lady in the house had done all she could, and I had gone alone into

the room where my poor wife lay unconscious of the difficulty that had come upon me. Again I committed my care to Him who had been my relief in time of trouble. Again a friendly rap at the door, and an old well-trying brother in Christ was there.

"‘I heard you were in trouble,’ he said. I led him to the silent room. ‘Where shall you bury?’ he asked.

"‘That is more than I can tell you, brother,’ I answered.

"‘Who is your undertaker?’

"‘I have none.’

"‘Oh! I see,’ said the brother. ‘You be quiet till I run over to Tottenham Court road,—I have a friend there who is an undertaker.’

"‘But,’ said I, ‘I have not a penny to pay him.’

"‘I will see to that,’ was the reply.

"‘Then the ground—one little spot of earth in which to lay that form from sight would cost a sum which I have no hope of possessing for months or years to come.’

"‘I own one grave,’ said the good old man—‘that shall be opened, and your wife shall sleep with my wife.’

‘Thus, strange as the story seems to you, a way was made for me through the deep, and I once more turned from my little family in the morning, to earn their bread.

"Not long after I had resumed my business, and had nearly met the expenses that in my time of need the good old brother had taken upon himself, I was suddenly accosted by the doctor, who, by the way, had refused all recompense for attention to my late wife.

"'Don't you want a good chance for business?' he inquired.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'anything better than what I have.'

"'Well,' he continued, 'the office of librarian in a literary and scientific institution is soon to be vacant, and with your consent I will hand in your application.'

"Can such a good fortune be mine, I queried, when left alone, after such severe trials of want and distress? The day came when the committee were to examine applicants. It was indeed a noble looking company, consisting of members of Parliament, doctors, lawyers, and those of the highest rank. The library was one of the richest in England.

"On arriving at the place I found some forty applicants had preceded me, and the prospect for an unknown humble preacher and tradesman seemed not encouraging. Nearly the whole number had passed the examination, which was long and minute, and removed to await the final selection. Almost the last one

I was called to the stand, my letter read, my handwriting examined, and a multitude of questions answered.

" 'Will my services be required on the Sabbath?' I inquired.

" 'Why, what can call you away on the Sabbath?'

" I then told them I was a professor of religion, and wished the privilege of a few hours of public worship,—that I sometimes preached the gospel to the poor, and could not turn aside from Christian duty for the tempting salary of the post before me.

" 'Who knows this man?' was the inquiry from the chair.

" 'I know him,' answered my friend the doctor. He arose and said what he pleased of my character and abilities, and I was dismissed, only in a few minutes to learn that I was chosen to the valuable office of Librarian.

" Here you see another way was opened for me, not only to secure comfort and education for my children, but a fount of intellectual enjoyment and instruction for myself.

" Thus onward, sometimes to the last extremity of want, again to the height of prosperity have I been led, always upheld by the Arm which I am sure will never fail me now, though I am left alone in a strange country, without family or home."

Amid the heavy darkness of skepticism which has so beclouded the Christian world, it is sweet to record such evidence of Divine care and love. Often in the blackest storms of life, when despair begins to utter its wail, there is a sudden bursting out of Deity, as sweet and welcome as that voice on the sea of Galilee, "It is I, be not afraid."

TO A BROTHER CONTEMPLATING THE MINISTRY,

BY C. B. COWELL.

Yes, I remember now, brother,
That solemn, awful hour
When thy soul in mortal combat
Had closed with sin's dread power.

How fears like th' low'ring tempest
Rolled o'er thee, wild and dark,
While grief like angry billows,
Surged round thy spirit-bark.

And when thy heart was fainting
'Neath gathering despair,
How fervent rose the pleading
Of that anguish'd, contrite prayer!

Then, oh, what strange vibrations
Soft o'er thy spirit thrill,
As a radiant form bends o'er thee,
And whispers, "Peace, be still!"

'Tis done. The wrathful billows,
Their Sovereign's voice obey,
While to their dark-vailed chambers
The storm-winds haste away.

What glad, devout responses
Waked that first song of thine,
While all thy new-born being
Seemed bathed in light divine.

Thou art no more thine own, brother,
For by that solemn vow
Thy soul in holy life-bonds
To Christ is wedded now.

In th' hush of th' spirit-chamber,
That voice is whispering still
Of the high and holy mission
He calls thee to fulfill.

An august hand seems pointing
Out o'er a sin-pall'd earth,
Where countless hosts are groping
The wild ring paths of death,

Ah, starts thy timid spirit,
And fearful shrinks away ?
"Oh, what am I," thou criest,
"But feeble, sinful clay ?"

Yes, weak ! Still round thee, brother,
Are arms of love and might ;
His presence shall go with thee,
And He will give thee light.

And every soul thou winnest,
Like stars of ray divine,
In the crown of thy rejoicing
With fadeless beams shall shine.

And when thy steps are pressing
Hard on the dark death shore,
Then Christ will make its billows
A glowing sapphire floor,—

O'er which, in glorious triumph,
Thy trusting steps he'll guide,
Safe through the shining portals,
Just on the other side.

Then, oh, what songs of welcome,
Leap o'er the Heavenly lyre,
As another earth worn pilgrim
Shall join the upper choir.

THE LAWYER'S STORY IN THE CON- CERT.

BY MRS. C. B. COWELL.

The interesting exercises of a Sabbath-school concert were nearly closed, when a kind, intelligent-looking stranger was called on for remarks. He was a lawyer, just from the Court House, and had called to see his old friend, the pastor of the church, and with him had dropped into the concert. He alluded, in a very happy manner, to the gratifying change, from the tangled questions, dry logic, hard faces and harder hearts of the court-room, to the atmosphere of such pious intelligence, and the sight of so

many faces, glowing with youth, health and laudable emulation.

He gave a brief history of his own labors in the Sabbath-school, which he had always loved ; spoke of the large numbers that at different periods had been under his instruction, as impressive, attentive little boys, that are now abroad in the world engaged in the great battle of life that all must enter ; then of the responsible power of teachers, in fortifying the young heart against the fatal delusions they must meet, and inspiring to efforts for goodness and true greatness in after life.

—Young friends, said the speaker, fixing a kind but earnest gaze on a class of young ladies before him, you will soon go out from these dear home-influences, these precious church and school instructions. Each will stand alone in the world upon his own merit ! Alone you must meet temptations ; alone you must toil and struggle for the right ! You will probably forget what I have said to-night — you will forget the stranger who stands before you ; but I am going to tell you a story which, I think, you will remember, especially when you are tempted to murmur at the ills and events of life which you cannot control : I have a friend living in B., who is the most self-possessed, even-tempered man I ever knew. Could you take

him in your arms and hold him fast until to-morrow morning, and his business might call him ever so urgent, yet, when he found he could not get away, he would be perfectly calm. No means that you or any one could use, would ruffle the smooth surface of his mind. "How is it, Brother Town," I once said to him, "that you take everything so quietly? Have you no fretful temper in common with other men?" "Why, sir," said he, "I have a far more violent temper than you. Indeed, few men have such a hasty, impatient spirit as I." "How then," I asked, "have you acquired this perfect self-control?" "I will tell you an incident in my life," he said, "which has had something to do with this matter :

—It was the 28th of August, 1826, a day memorable in the northern part of New Hampshire, that I was traveling in a stage-coach to the White Mountains. I had arranged my plan to be at the Notch House that night, and was very determined in my purpose. Rain had been falling at intervals for a long time ; night was coming on, and the mud was growing deeper, and the lumbering, creaking coach dragged slower and slower. I was impatient ; I was worse—I was insolent. I would stretch my head toward the driver, and urge him to drive on, while the slashing, grinding wheels

and the wallowing horses plainly told me they were doing all they could. I made myself wretched and all who were with me. At length we came to a dead halt in front of a tavern, five miles short of my destination, and I was told we could go no farther. Then I was frantic. I plead with the driver, offered him two, three, then five dollars, to take me on to the Notch House. But all in vain. I then found the landlord. I urged and entreated for a horse, offering as before, up to any reasonable sum he could demand. But he, too, was inexorable. "It is not safe," he said, "for man or beast to be out on such a night as this. It will be a dreadful night," he said, shaking his head solemnly, and looking towards the mountains; "there is a hard storm gathering." I looked in the direction of his hand, as he pointed to a black mass of clouds that seemed rolling in toward the mountains, and hiding their tops from sight. Already the thunder began to roll in long rumbling echoes from peak to peak, and the occasional flash of lightning lighted up the scene, making the darkness more visible that succeeded it. It was a sight grand and terrible in the extreme. Had I been other than a wild tempered man, I should have been subdued into a profound awe before such sublime piles of earth and granite, lifting their heads among

the warring elements that seemed ready to burst upon them. Like a heavy armed legion, tramping on to the deadly conflict, the surcharged clouds seemed marshalled for the work of death, while the peals of thunder signalled their approach, and betokened their terrible mission. With all this solemn grandeur before me, I could not calm the spirit-tempest within. I retired to my room, but not to sleep. I vented myself in wicked mutterings at this delay, and the probable result in deranging my business at home, the anxiety of friends, in short, the complete overturning of my entire programme for this trip for pleasure and business to the far-famed White Mountains. Of course I was in no mood for reverence; I only wished the time away; but fiercer raged the storm. The darkness from my window was fearfully lighted up now and then, by most vivid glare of electric flame. The thunder seemed crashing down all around me.

I walked the floor all night, and at morning was the same impatient man of the night before. I rallied out very early, determined now that nothing should hinder the accomplishment of my designs. I walked on at a rapid step, when suddenly I came upon a large tree that had been torn up from the earth, and thrown across the way I was to pass. I stopped, gazed a

moment, and a slight tremor ran over me. Here was some of the danger the landlord foresaw last night. But, too self-willed to admit the gentle rebuke that began to knock at my heart, I scrambled over the rough tree and hurried on faster than before. Soon, however, I found myself peering down a deep gully, that had been washed out by the mountain torrent, directly across the road. Had I reached this spot in the dark storm last night, I began to think; had I plunged into the cold flood that was rushing along here, what? Ah! and I dared not think what might have been the consequence. Another chill went creeping along my nerves, and another rebuke began to knock at my heart. Still I would not submit, but bridged the chasm as best I could, and again hastened on, a little more nervous than before. I felt a solitude almost frightful. No living thing was to be seen. No sound was heard save the torrents rushing along from various points, thick with mud and broken branches of trees and shrubs, and mingling their hoarse voices, made the prevailing desolation even more desolate.

Again I came to a sudden halt. Before me, and lying in the highway in which I was to get on, was a monster rock. It had been washed from its bed and rolled down the distant moun-

tain side, and here stood silently preaching to me its solemn lesson of the mighty Hand that holds the destinies of nations, who upholds the world and rules the elements. I stood amazed, almost petrified with fear and self-reproach. I looked a little farther on, and saw that it was impossible to proceed. I looked toward the Notch House. From there up the mountain was the broad path of an avalanche, that had but recently been torn from the side of the mountain. There I might have been, had my wish been granted. There, perhaps, the friends I wished to see were struggling with a terrible death. (This, as you know, was the sad fate of the "Willey family." Not one was left to tell the story of that dreadful slide, that buried them all beneath its ruins.)

What am I, that I should have been held back from like destruction? Or that I should contend with the Almighty? I sank on my knees beside the huge boulder, and implored forgiveness for my rashness and wicked rebellion against God, and covenanted there amid that solemn desolation, with God and my own conscience, never more to resist Providence, or murmur at the disappointments of this short life.

I arose, subdued and penitent. I picked up a little stone from the spot, brought it home, and laid upon my desk. Now — said he, tak-

ing the stone in his hand — when I am tempted to complain or fret at the petty ills of life, I take this stone and remember that vow beneath the mountains. This, then, is my talisman.”

February, 4th, 1862.—Another painful death. Another darling boy torn from our love and lain silent and cold in the little shroud. Was it in wrath, O wise Father, that this blow was sent upon us? Have we turned away from thy love and the great work of grace in which Thou biddest us labor, and sought for ease or earthly treasure? Have we joined ourselves to earthly idols and forgotten Thee? This we know: Thou doest right; yet we sit under an awful pall. Sorrow like a flood sweeps over us in successive waves, with its dull, heavy roll, it bears down our frail spirit and we are ready to cry out, my heart, Oh, my heart, it is faint and weary with oppressive pain. In innocent childhood he has gladdened our hearts and cheered the rough path of life. As he grew in years, the developments of moral and mental powers were truly gratifying. Affection of unusual sweetness seemed springing up in his baby heart, which united day by day, more and more the hearts of the household. Sweet and fair in

features, amiable, active, self-sacrificing and affectionate. Oh, how we loved him! How pure and elevating, how soothing and chastening the love such a single heart. How unutterably deep the love that flows out toward such a treasure. No language can give utterance to that yearning pain with which our hearts cling to every spot in his history, and to the dear memory of his short sweet mission with us. How sweet the hope that beams upon the dark vale through which we tread and pierces, now and then, the pall of sorrow and death and gloom that lies on our spirits,—the joyous hope that we shall meet again. Never before, did I feel the great gift of the Son of God who has redeemed such as our darling boy from the cruel jaws of endless death. The struggle with the last foe was long and dreadful in the extreme. The low, piteous groans, the agonized features, seemed more than a frail mother's heart could endure. I fell on my knees before the Lord, and in tears and bitterness of soul besought Him to seize the little sufferer from the iron grasp of the cold death foe, and hide him in the bosom of His own paternal love. Take back, O Lord, the treasure thou hast given us, release him from this dreadful woe. The darkness such, as made the words of the dying son of God, "My God, why hast Thou

forsaken me?" seemed the most fitting utterance of our agonized spirits, as the heavy awful death shadow shut down upon us. Just as the last words of prayer for his release were uttered, the last dying moan died away on the stillness of night. "He is gone," was whispered from one to another of the kind watchers, whose eyes had been fixed on the distorted, darkened, agonized features of my dear boy. Dearly as we loved him, we could not much longer have endured this distress; and the assurance that he was at rest was welcome. Such a scene! may I be spared from its repetition! Yet beneath all this gloomy visage of death, there was a sinless heart redeemed from the primeval curse, by the great love of Christ, taking its flight from a world that had in store for him, in common with all pilgrims on earth, its varied ills of storms, disappointments, sufferings and temptations to sin. What then must be the agony of death, where there is no such hope to relieve the gloom,—no Saviour's blood to plead, but only a fearful looking for the wrath and indignation of a long neglected and injured God,—to fall into the hands of justice and infinite power when the last offer of His grace has been spurned! "Who can abide the day of His coming? Who can dwell with devouring flames?"

Our little treasure now lies beneath the cold snow, beside the little forms that have slept more than eight years in their low beds. How the bosom heaves with the heavy surges of grief, as we take the last look at the marble face, the fixed cold lips that have so often pressed our own. The high, full forehead, over which we had so often smoothed his soft hair, all so cold, so rigid, the tiny hand clasping the myrtle sprig lying so meek and motionless on his still breast, and just over his heart with his slender white finger pointing to it, lies a slip of paper on which is written, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Long, long will its daguerreotype, in all its beautiful outlines, remain upon the page of memory, sprinkled over and over with the tears of bleeding love.

A TRIBUTE TO NANNIE SHAPLEIGH,
WHO DIED MAY, 1862.

Enwreathed in blooming flowers, Nannie,
We've laid thee down to rest ;
Thy cold hands holding roses
Meek folded on thy breast.

Oh, how our bosoms heaved, Nannie,
With sorrow wild and deep,
To have thee coldly lying
In death's long dreamless sleep.

We miss thee sadly now, Nannie,
We miss thee when at prayer,
We miss thee at our board, love,
We miss thee everywhere,

There's sorrow in our songs, Nannie,
For one sweet note is still ;
No more thy soft child treble
Will o'er our heart chords thrill.

We miss thy plaintive moans, Nannie,
With pains that would not cease,
Till our very hearts in anguish
Implored thy soul's release.

But all is over now, Nannie,
Thou'st joined the minstrel throng
Of little shining pilgrims,
In the land of light and song.

Now o'er our stricken spirits,
There steals a hallowed strain,
Thy own sweet voice seems breathing,
" We shall soon meet again."

[For the Morning Star.]

ODE FOR THE TIMES.

A welcome, glad welcome, thou beauteous spring,
With hearts tuned to gladness, thy welcome we sing ;
O'er the hills and the mountains, send forth the glad sound
While vales and deep woodlands the chorus resound.
Thou-art here, thou art here, with thy soft, balmy breath,
And the waters, long chained in the silence of death,
Leaping forth with wild rapture, send out their glad cheer
Through the ringing old woods — thou art here, thou art here.

And the fugitive birds spread their wings to the breeze,
And away from the shores of the sunny south seas,
With their songs of rich melody, joyfully fly,
To swell the glad chorus, the springtime is nigh.
And the invalid smiles a warm welcome, for now
He will bare to thy zephyrs his languishing brow;
And the life current leaps 'long its slow-traveled track,
As the visions of health, with thy flowers come back.
But the past! O the past! we forget to rejoice,
As we give to the wild wintry tempest a voice;
Hear them whispering still o'er the echoing earth
Of the comfortless babes by the fireless hearth;
Of the traveler lone on the tenantless plain,
That, bewildered and chilled, sinks to rise not again;
Of the mariner, wrecked on the ice-covered shore,
Who will ride o'er the tempest-tossed billows no more,
Where the wild flowers spring 'neath the unfurrow'd hill
In his coffinless slumbers, he lieth there still.
But hark! there's an echo more terrible far,
'Tis the deep rolling din, and the wild clash of war;
'Tis the low dying moans from the gore-bedrenched plain,
Where, wounded and pale, lie our dear noble slain.
— Oh, tell us, ye winds, for ye surely were there
To dry the death-damps, and to drink mem'ry's tear —
Bring ye not the last sigh of their quivering breath,
“ Home, country and freedom,” their watchword in death?
Bear ye not the soft breathings of tenderness deep,
For the loved, who will hear victory's shout but to weep?
But the heart stricken household! Oh, spare us the tale,
For the air trembleth now with the swell of their wail!
We hear it, we feel it, and our very hearts quake
At the thrilling dirge-music that the storm echoes make.
Alas! that so many must suffer alone,
And lie, coldly sleeping, unnamed and unknown.
But ye watch stars of Heaven! ye smile where they sleep,
And your calm, silent vigils above them will keep,
Till the “ long roll ” of Gabriel shall peal from the skies,
To marshal earth's hosts as from dust they arise.
Then woe to that traitor on whose fiendish head
The guilt of this fathomless sorrow is laid!

Though sad is this strain, let it blend with our song,
And swell it with praises to Him who hath strung
These hearts so exquisite — so responsive in tone,
To Nature's wild music, and humanity's moan.

C. B. COWELL.

West Lebanon, Me., April, 1862.

THE GREAT LETTER FROM "OVER THE RIVER."

"Mother," said a little boy, "I wish I could know what little brother is doing and thinking now in Heaven." A mournful shade came over his face as he continued, "I miss him so when I come in the house, I can't stay here; then I go out door to play, but I am all alone, out there, and then I feel as though I should cry, but I think it won't do him any good, so I don't." "My son," said the mother, her heart still bleeding with the wound in her affections; for a darling boy had but a few days been lain away in the grave, "we must love the Bible now more than ever before." "Why do you say so," said the bereaved boy. "What if you and I," said the mother, "father, sister, little baby and Irving, were all beside a river, and a pale, silent boatman should come and touch our little Irving, and beckon him to follow him, we

might entreat and weep and cling to the darling boy yet all in vain. We must see him move silently and slowly into the arms of the ghastly boatman, and soon we see him borne off from the shore, giving back no answer to all our cries of distress and yearning love. We all look after him till a thick mist hides him from sight. We may wander along the shore, and weep and watch, and strain our eyes to weariness by looking out upon the dark water that seems to have no bound or shore on the further side. To add to our distress, we are repeatedly told by all we meet, that none that pass over this mysterious water ever come back to us again, but we ourselves must soon be hurried away to the same returnless voyage. How we should long to know where these pale voyagers were landed. How we wish to know their employment and condition. What would we not give to have some knowledge of that hidden shore where our dear household treasure is gone."

"Oh, I see, mother, what you mean; if it was not for the Bible, we could not know where dear little brother is now." "Yes, my boy, that is it. It is the Bible that comes to us like a great letter from over this dark, broad river, that separates all mortals from the great eternity beyond. It comes from the King of that distant country; yes, the Bible tells us that little

children are in Heaven, and there Irving is, with the bright angels. Now let us think how gloomy it would be for us to sit here and talk about little brother, if we had no hope that he was still alive, happy, and living where we may one day go to meet him. Yet the poor heathen have never heard of the Bible, and know nothing of that beautiful land on the other shore. They have never heard, like us, how the Prince of that great country came and prepared the way, and left directions how we might find that glorious kingdom, where the cold death-man can never come, to touch or take us away any more."

Know ye that your Father takes but his own,
And the voice that now calls me is kind ;
That He brightens for you the path to His throne,
And there your affections He'll bind.

And when ye shall come to life's closing day,
Ye shall bless both the staff and the rod ;
And calm may ye pass as I'm passing away
To the arms of my Father and God,

Oh, rejoice, that your Irving will linger no more
In a dark world of sorrow like this ;
But spreads his blest pinions to fold them no more,
Till he lights on the bosom of bliss.

PARTING HYMN.

TO REV. J. M. F. AND WIFE, MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.

Lo! a land long wrapped in darkness,
Wearied with her dismal night,
'Pears far o'er the pathless waters,
Pleading for one ray of light.

Ye have heard her mournful wailing,
'Bove the syren charms of youth ;
Ye have the high commission,
T' bear far hence the lamp of truth.

What though love is fondly yearning
O'er the cherished household band,
And the thousand ties that bind you
To this happy-gospel land.

Know that every one that yieldeth
All these joys for Jesus' love,
"Here, hath hundred fold in blessing
And eternal life above."

Go ; though conflicts sore await you,—
Weary years of toil and pain ;
"He that goeth forth with weeping
Shall rejoicing come again."

And each soul that ye may gather,
Shall, with radiance divine,
In the crown of your rejoicing,
With unfading glory shine.

Go, and He who o'er the tempest
High in Majesty presides,
Marks the pathway for the lightning,
Sets the bound of ocean's tides.

He will mark each tear that falleth,
Number every besom thrill,
Lay His hand upon thy spirit,
Bid its wildest waves "be still."

Firm through all life's sad mutations,
He's your pledged and mighty Friend,
Sweet through every sorrow whispering,
"Lo! I'm with you to the end,"

WRITTEN FOR MISS R. F.'S ALBUM.

Earth has a thousand luring dreams,
That like a meteor's flashing light
Along life's pathway gleam,
Then fades alas, in rayless night.

But there's a radiance friendship gives,
Serenely far than Luna's ray,
Than wanders 'mid the folding leaves,
Or on the sleeping waters lay.

Long may its halo circle thee,
And cheer thy kindly trusting heart
Midst ills in life we know must be,
When fortune frowns and friends depart.

ON BOARD THE INDIAMAN, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. COWELL :—I suppose you will have expected a letter from us long ere this, and I must beg your forgiveness for being so negligent. I have had much to do, and think

of, and many letters to write. I think I may assure myself of your forgiveness, and feel sure that this note will not be uninteresting to you, written just as we are starting on our long voyage, and just as the shores of our dear America are fading from our sight. This, with others, I will send by the pilot.

We have had a very pleasant, yet very sad time since we left Lebanon. It was pleasant to visit my sister, but oh, how hard it is to part with those we love! Yet I trust we are in the path of duty, and have right motives in thus giving up country and friends. I long for a more earnest spirit and entire consecration to the service of our Redeemer!

We are very pleasantly situated. This is a fine ship, being a fast sailer. Our fellow-passengers appear very kind and agreeable, but we have scarcely had time to judge of them. We are anticipating a very pleasant voyage; and what a comfort it is to know that we are in the hands of an infinitely kind and merciful Father! Need I ask you to pray for us, and remember us, now that we are on the mighty deep?

I know I need not. It is one of our greatest comforts to know that we are followed by the prayers of so many of the people of God, and have the sympathy of so many Christian hearts. I hope you and your family are prospering.

You must give my love to your husband and daughter. The little ones will not remember me ; but I hope that each one will early give their hearts to God, and become bright and shining lights !

We have thought, several times, of writing what you desired, but have shrunk from it, and you must excuse us from writing it. For my own part, I felt as if there was nothing in my own life that could be of any use to you. The memory of my mother is sacred, and to her I feel I owe much of what I am now ; but I have nothing very remarkable that I could write.

How pleasant it would be, were you with us ! It seems a pity, when your heart is so much in the work, that the way has never opened for your going ; but God has something for you to do in your native land, and I hope the path of duty will be made plain to you, and that you will be the means in the hands of God of doing much for the cause of Christ.

I must now bid you good-by, with much love and many kind wishes for your health and happiness. Mr. Farnham desires to be kindly remembered to you and family.

Accept my kindest love, and believe me truly
your friend,

M. J. FARNHAM.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

The evening fire was sending out a cheerful, wavering light in the reverend father's sitting-room; the busy mother had placed the small, square table and light in the centre of the room, which was the signal for all who had need of light to gather near. Two little witching boys had stolen up to their father's chair, where he sat looking vacantly into a nice blazing fire he had just been adjusting, while the tiny, brass head tongs hung carelessly from his hands.

"Please, pa," said the oldest, "will you tell us a story? You look as though you were thinking out one now. Will you, please, pa? we are all ready now." No answer. "Wait a little, sonny," said the mother; "he is thinking very hard now; better not disturb him." "What is it?" at last broke out the good parson. "Thinking? yes, I was thinking of our good neighbor Grant, whom I met to-day." "Please tell us a story, pa," chimed in the little pleader, with new courage. "A story? Well, I will tell you about Mr. Grant, for I was thinking away back more than thirty years, when he and I were school-boys together. He was a fine fellow, son of a sea captain, who had left the sea for a farm near by my father's. There was something in

those days, my little boys, that you never saw, and I hope that you never will — that was, rum-drinking in a school; boys would give a penny each, and send to the rum store and buy it, and during intermission, would drink.

“This was a shocking custom; but there were no temperance lectures or societies, such as have since blessed the world. Well, my good fellow, Grant, was led hard on to trouble by a wild young lad named Foss. Although the son of poor but respectable parents, he became, through this practice of rum-drinking, which everywhere prevailed, a dangerous companion. Once I saw him with the young Grant, whom he had led astray, entirely helpless from the effect of their wicked drink.” “Did you drink, pa?” “I did, at first; but for some reason, I felt such a dislike to the appearance of those who took much more, that I abandoned it, and persuaded a few others to join me, although we had to endure the ridicule of both old and young for our strange notion. Well, a few years passed on. I had been away from home, attending school and in business, and when I became a man I came back to teach in this same old school-house. There were these same boys, Grant and Foss, now my scholars, though grown to young men. It was not long before I saw that the same habits of early life were still clinging to them. They

were sometimes so affected with strong drink that they could not read or perform their duties in school.

At the close of the afternoon, one day, I requested them to remain after the other scholars had left. When we were left alone, I talked with them of their habits, and told them of the fearful waste of time, talent and money it was causing them now, and the misery and poverty it would be likely to bring in the future. Grant relented, and said he was ashamed, and thought he should reform. Foss looked angry, and went away in sullen silence. Days passed on. Grant, again yielding to the effect of his comrade's sneers and jokes, was again made a fool by strong drink, and came into school unfit for study. I felt that I must check this terrible influence on the school, which was not then addicted to the habits of earlier days. Again I addressed them tenderly, for I pitied them, but firmly, for I felt the importance of my position. I exposed the dangerous effects of such habits, and especially told them how easily a young man, though reared in a good and pious family, who had a mother to weep over him, a loving sister to persuade, love and try to save him, yet by associating with a bad companion, would be ruined in a few days; forming a good character was a long, slow and diligent work, but spoiling it could be done at

once. I finally told them they must quit strong drink, or quit the school. There was a long and hard contention between the two hale fellows. Grant entreated Foss to join him in his efforts to reform; but in vain. He, at last, like a true-hearted, noble fellow, decided that he would leave his vile companion; he believed there was something in their teacher's counsel that it would be safe for them to follow. Indignant at the decision of his comrade, Foss turned away, with profane, angry mutterings, declaring that he should leave the school rather than give up his drink. Grant continued to come to school, and a very kind, pleasant young man he was, beloved by all who knew him.

"Many years have passed since those days." "And where are they now?" inquired little Hervey, who had been looking with earnest eyes all the while into his father's face. "Well, my son, Grant kept his good resolution. He is now a steady, honest, respectable man, a worthy and beloved citizen; when we met, the other day, he referred to those old school-days, and expressed much gratitude that he had escaped the dreadful end to which he was hastening. He has a large family of children and is, no doubt, trying to lead them in the path of virtue, temperance and truth." "But where is the other man that swore and danced so?" "Oh,

my son, his end was a dreadful one ! He had a good mother and some very lovely sisters ; but he made their hearts bleed by his reckless and wicked course. He ran down hill very fast ; he became worse and worse until he was a burden and pest to himself and his family, the dread and scourge of the neighborhood, until he died of delirium tremens." "*Devil's trembles!*" repeated the little boy in a husky, chocking voice ; "what is that, father?" "Yes, Devil's trembles, you may well call it, my son, for the brain and the whole system becomes so inflamed by rum, that the poor, miserable man thinks he has a host of little demons with frightful horns and fiery eyes and tongues leaping at him, ready to devour him. It is a sickness too horrible to describe to little boys like you. All is, my little sons must never be persuaded to touch any kind of strong drink, not even cider. There, my little men, don't look so frightened ; nothing of this kind will ever hurt you if you drink nothing but pure cold water. This will make your head clear and strong, your steps firm, and you will move straight onward to a pure, noble, happy manhood."

THE LITTLE TEETOTALLER.

"O mother," said little Ansel, running in from the street, "George says there will be a temperance lecture down to our school-house to-night. I want to go. Shall I, ma? You will let me, ma, won't you?" "We will see about it, son." "He is going to have a paper, too, for everybody to sign their names cause they never will drink; that makes them temperance folks. Now, I shall go straight up and tell him my name is Ansel Hayes, and he may write it down; now shall I, ma?" "Well, my son," said the mother, scarcely suppressing a smile at the new zeal of her little boy, "perhaps you had better wait until you can write your name yourself, don't you think so?" "But, mother," said the boy, looking a world of alarm, "I shall drink cider as sure as the world."

That is it, little lads, the drinks of cider is just the stuff to make drunkards of. Drink the clear, cold, sparkling water, and nothing else; then you will not want to run up to Farmer Jones' for a drink of cider; you will not be tempted to stop by the little shops where ale and all kinds of drink are for sale. No 'sir, says your brave heart, right straight on is the word for me. No swaggering steps, no firey

eyes, no nasal blossom, no swimming brain, no
shamed, skulking face for me. ●

We feel the strength cold water brings,
And that's the drink for me.

IN MEMORY OF MISS EMMA BROOKINGS,
A HIGHLY ESTEEMED MEMBER OF LEBANON ACADEMY, WHO
DIED AT HER HOME IN PITTSBORO, MAY 11th, 1859.

Respectfully inscribed to Mr. Wm. T. Chase, by C. B. Cowell.

The sun was slowing sinking,
And his parting ray
Stole along the still apartment,
Where pale Emma lay —
All calmly ebbs life's current,
Fainter comes each breath,
One low sigh — one gentle quiver —
She is thine — O Death !

CHORUS.— Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters
Murmur soft and low,
Earth's most tender ties are breaking,
Hearts are bleeding now.

Slow o'er the river pealing
Came the funeral knell,
(Oh, what tales of woe thou tellest,
Tolling, tolling bell,)
While to its solemn measure,
With a pensive tread,
To the quiet, grassy hillside,
Bear we on the dead.

CHORUS.— Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters
Murmur soft and low,
For ye touch a chord that wakens
Saddest mem'ries now.

Beside the flowing river,
Sweetly will she rest,
With her hands all meekly folded
On her quiet breast.
The birds now chant their requiems,
Dewy morning weeps,
And the watch-stars keep sad vigils
Where dear Emma sleeps.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters, &c.

Roll on thy restless waters,
Noble Kennebec,
Never can thy rushing murmur
Her deep slumbers break.
No more at holy twilight,
'Long thy banks she'll stray,
Blending with thy deep-toned music
Her sweet vesper lay.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters, &c.

How heavy o'er the household
Hangs the darksome pall,
Whence has flown that joyous spirit,
Once the light of all.
O dread and swift-winged archer,
Cruel was that dart
Wounding 'fresh the bleeding tendrils
Of each loving heart.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters, &c.

A gloom steals o'er the school-room
Where the hopeful meet,
Mem'ry broods, with drooping pinions,
O'er her vacant seat.
Her voice in plaintive echoes,
Ling'ring sweetly yet,
Wakes there in many a bosom
Tenderest regret.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters, &c.

Oh, why should such rare flowers,
Fairest of earth's bloom,
Be the first to yield their fragrance
To the cold, dark tomb?
Alas, that from our pathway
Fades so soon the light
Of that beauteous star, whose setting
Brings the deepest night.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters, &c.

List — through the deepening shadows
Steals a hallowed strain,
Angel Hope comes softly breathing,
Ye shall meet again,
In yonder glorious mansion,
Lo, thy loved hath rest,
And her spotless wings are folded
On her Saviour's breast.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters
Murmur soft and low,
For a calm and holy feeling,
Stealeth o'er us now,

Oh, yes, we see the gleaming
Of her angel wings,
Now we catch the distant music
Of the song she sings.
Yes, we are coming, dearest,
See — we near the shore,
Death's cold waves shall roll beneath us
Never — never more.

CHORUS.—Sweet zephyrs — rolling waters, &c.
West Lebanon, Me,

ANGEL CARRIE.

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,

sang two little sisters as they were slowly passing to their home on their way from school. Some one passing by attracted by their sweet voices and very happy faces, was listening. The older sister, six years of age, looking up and recognizing a kind neighbor, said, "I do want to be an angel. Oh, it will be so bright in heaven with the angels!" These two sisters were not unfrequently invited to walk out on the stage in their school room to sing together; the younger one was nearly five. The almost unearthly beauty of expression upon their baby faces added to the all-absorbing rapture with which their holy songs trilled upon the heart and ear, often drawing tears of nameless emotion from the listener. Their hearts seemed in perfect unison with the pure spirit and inspiration of the songs they sung. These singularly pious children who seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth, were daughters of mute parents. Every morning they had been taught to kneel and repeat a prayer that an older sister had taught them. When gathered around the family board, each child would fold its hands

in silent reverence, while the father by silent signs invoked a blessing. When evening came, the mother got the little ones around her and inquired of each if they had done anything wrong. If the conscience is burdened with some little wicked act, the little face is covered with the hands and the child weeps. The mother solemnly impresses upon the heart the sin of offending a Holy God, whose eye has been upon them all the day. The little penitent falls on its knees and asks God to forgive, then, with its usual night prayer and mother's good night kiss, it is taken to its bed. There may be no difference to the observer in these two saint-like little girls; but as Carrie, the older, has finished her angel mission on earth, it will be pleasant to contemplate her short but radiant path. The mother was asked how early did Carrie give evidence to this love of divine things. She wrote in reply, "She has seemed to love them ever since she could understand; very often would come to me and ask me to tell her about God and her dear Saviour, which I always attempted, the best I could, to make her infant mind understand. She was always very conscientious — very afraid of doing something to displease God. She seemed, to many, to have been sanctified from her birth. She often said she should soon die. One day,"

writes the mother, "I met her in the dining-room; she stopped me, and dropping her cheek upon her hand, indicated by signs that when she died and her head was laid on the pillow of earth, she wished to lie down by the side of her baby brother Charlie." The mother naturally saddened by this singular request of so young a child, made no reply. Carrie still held her dress and looked earnestly in her face for a reply, and when the mother at last promised it should be so, her face was again all aglow with smiles and joy. About two weeks before her death, she came to her mother one Sabbath evening, and asked her to read to her the 23d Psalm. The mother took her on her knee, and began reading by signs. She smiled assent that she understood, and seemed to enjoy it until she came to the fourth verse, then as her mother read, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," tears came in the eyes of little Carrie, and she made signs by raising both hands, and with a sudden shrinking and shiver said she was afraid, and slowly slid from her mother's arms, and kneeling down, bowed her head on her little hand in her mother's lap. In a few moments she arose with a heavenly smile beaming through her tears, and said, "I am not afraid now, I love Jesus." She asked her mother to take her up and read the Psalm again.

She seemed perfectly delighted as the mother again portrayed in her silent, devout language, the care and love of the Heavenly Shepherd. From an older sister, Bell, we learn that Carrie was every day chanting this Psalm, and she was often seen by her mother reading it alone. There was no earthly ear to hear that prayer, yet it had a quick answer from the blessed Saviour; her heart was quiet from the fear of evil, and even joyous with divine love. It was quite common for persons who had observed her unusual love for holy things, to take her in her arms and to draw out her touching and beautiful thoughts, by questions. A great desire to be in Heaven seemed always predominant. Her school teacher was struck with her fear of doing wrong and displeasing God. One day she came running home from school, looking very pale, saying she was sick. Her mother quickly perceived the symptoms of scarlet fever, and told her that God made her sick and He loved her. "I know it," she said with great earnestness, as if surprised that her mother should tell her what she knew so well. When her father came in the house she was lying on the sofa; she waved her hand to attract his attention, then told him that God made her sick, and she loved God. Her father was surprised at her eagerness to dispel any anxiety he felt;

she was sure all was right. Two days and nights the fever raged fiercely, and her distress was very great ; after which her mind was again calm, and her face shone with heavenly radiance. She called her brother and sister to her bedside, and wished them to sing, "I want to be an angel." Carrie sung with them a few lines, but her throat was sore and she could not go on. When some mute neighbors came in, she pointed up, and made signs that angels were around her, and extending both arms with an affectionate embrace, she said, "How bright and beautiful, and she longed to take them in her arms." Her sister, ten years old, came in, who could hear, and she told her the same. The following evening her father was sitting by her, and observing a peculiar calm upon her face, asked her if she loved God. "Oh, yes," was the quick reply.

Fearing that she might not understand his signs, he asked if she knew her father? she quickly nodded yes, then threw out both arms and put out her lips to embrace and kiss him ; and then with her little fingers stiffening in death, she spelt "house," then indicated she longed for the house. Her father, fearing she was delirious, said, "here is our house where you live." "Oh, no, not this" — shaking her head, with an attempted curl of her lip, she

expressed how poor is this compared to the house she desired and longed to go into. He then understood she was beholding her glorious house on high, whose builder is God. Several times she raised her hands, trying to express the glory of the home she desired, saying she did not wish to stay here; but her arms and hands were too stiff and weak; and no hearing one was present to catch the words she would, perhaps, have uttered. Soon her mother came in with little Emma, who had been always by her side through their short, happy life. She wished Emma to sing, and Emma began, "I want to be an angel," after which Carrie repeated, "I want to be an angel," and soon after, with a glow of divine light shining upon her marble face, expired. The mother looked a moment upon the fallen chin, the upturned, vacant gaze, and when she knew she was gone, fainted. Yet she said, "When I came to myself, I felt an indwelling peace,—All was well with the child; and my thoughts were lifted to Heaven more than for a long time, so much so, that I felt it was good for me to be afflicted. She was the light and joy of our household, and since her death we have felt so desolate yet peaceful. She is now with her Saviour, with a crown upon her head, and a harp in her hand, for which she has wished so long."

TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.

FIRST SCENE.

Father Lincoln, sitting dozing from effect of drink ; two twin boys, sitting on either side of their father ; eldest sister, sitting with a book, trying to read, but very sad.

Enter Katy, a younger sister.

Mary. O sister, I am so glad you have returned, I am so sad and lonely when you are away.

Katy. I fear you are sick, Mary.

Mary. Well, to-night the drear reality of our wretchedness has pressed itself so heavily upon my spirits, my heart has sunk, utterly crushed, crushed,—our prospects are so dark. Oh, dear ! But did you hear anything of our poor, wandering brother ; I imagine I hear his groans of distress on every wind that sweeps around the cottage. Poor John—I fear he will never return.

Katy. No, I cannot learn that he has been seen since yesterday, when he was going towards the village. But don't grieve so, Mary. I called at Mrs. Smith's, hoping to get some sewing ; she had none prepared. She thought she and Mrs. Riley would call over to-night,

and perhaps take some of us. If we fail to get work in this place, you will consent to let me go to Manchester with sister Clara. There we can do much more to cheer our home than here. Oh, I shall allow myself almost nothing, that I may send you all that I can earn, to help you through the winter; I think I had *better* go.

Mary. O Katy, I shall cry all the time when you are gone; who will sing to us when it is dark, and pa don't come?

Charley. And who will fix us for school, when Mary has so much to do, and who will comfort us when papa beats us and Mary cries?

Mary. I know a long, cold winter is just upon us, and this old house, poor as it is, shelters us, but is not ours; and six months' rent is unpaid; I know that father and John are becoming every day more unkind to us, and have long ceased to bring us food; they come from Kilby's tavern, and scold us because we have not such good, warm suppers as we used to have. I know, too, that friends have changed. Those who seemed to love us when we were at school, and father was an active merchant, and mother was here, now pass hastily by our cottage, just as though they feared we should speak to them. I know we are forsaken and despised. But when you are here, Katy, your kind, cheerful manner sus-

tains my sensitive heart. Your sympathy opens its deep fountain of grief and its flows out; but when you are gone, I feel that my heart will break, to be alone in this desolate, altered home. I know that I ought not to mourn so, it makes you so sad.

Billy. We shall be here, sister, and you know we shall be so good to you, and try to make you happy.

Katy. Dear boys — what will become of you.

Enter Jenks.

Jenks. Good evening, girls — your father at home?

Katy. He sits there. I think it will be of no use to arouse him, he is not himself now; he seems to sleep.

Jenks. Umph! More himself than anybody else, as I take it. Hullo, Mr. Lincoln, you dozy?

Lincoln. What's that you say — John come?

Jenks. Have you got some money for me?

Lincoln. Honey — did you say? I rather have some cider. John promised to bring some.

Jenks. Cider — well this don't look like paying rent, I'm thinking. I have called to let you know, that another family, who will pay rent, wish to occupy this house, and if you don't pay up immediately you must —

Billy. Don't say we must go out door this cold winter.

Mary. O Mr. Jenks, must we hear you say we —

Jenks. There's no use of crying now. A man must look after his rent these hard times. There are enough of these idle dogs to loaf about the rum taverns if *others* will *support* them. I am not the man to do it.

Mary. Pray Mr. Jenks, for our dear little brothers' sakes wait for us a little longer.

Katy. We will do all we can — I will sit up half of the night, will eat but one meal a day, until you are paid, if you will let us call this our home.

Charley. And I will come and cut wood and do many things for you when I am large enough.

Billy. I will work in your garden; I think I can dig and pull weeds next summer for you.

Mary. You cannot turn us out into this cold-hearted world, we can find no other shelter; your heart will revolt, you will not, Mr. Jenks; say you will wait!

Jenks. Why don't you put these boys out to live. Let your miserable father and brother go to the house of correction, where they belong; why do you try to live here at this hard rate?

Mary. Ah! you would not speak thus, if you knew the depth of daughter's and sister's love; your words wring our poor hearts. "While there is life, there is hope." Is it not possible by our patient endurance and kindness, we may yet win back to the path of peace, a noble brother and kind father? O Mr. Jenks, you know what they *have* been; you remember, too, how in a state of partial intoxication he sold to you and Mr. Kilby, his estate, far, far less than its value, that he might get money, by which he has gone downward continually. And that dear pale face, our mother, who moved among us like a shadow, meekly toiling for those, whom with all their faults she still loved, and for these tender boys, till nature sank and she was gone. Can we,—tell us, let your heart tell us,—can we turn our backs upon these, and break the tie that binds us to our dear, though altered home?

Jenks. Well—well—I wish there was no rum to be had; take rum and cider away, and you would have a father to be proud of. I know that very well, although I like a little occasionally; yet when I see what it has done in the world, I do say, I wish it was all in the sea. Fact is, I can't help pitying such girls as you, that have to suffer so much from it. But this is not doing my business, and I guess I

will see to that some other time,—so good evening.

Lincoln (rouses up). Who'se there? What, John come? got something to drink, John? Oh, somebody else — bother to rum.

Enter Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Riley.

Good evening, girls, good evening.

Mrs. Smith. I have taken a small bundle of sewing for you, as you wished; but I shall not be able to pay you the money as soon as you desired. Mr. Smith says your family is owing him for a barrel of cider, a little brandy, and other articles, and I may get you to sew towards paying for it, as he can get nothing of your men.

Katy. This indeed is a painful message at this most distressing hour. Just think what that cider has done for us. When my father commenced on that cider, he was a *man*, and brought the most of his wages to his family; when he had drank it *all*, he was a *demon*, raving for more, and has spent the most of his days at the tavern since. But I need not dwell on this, you cannot feel for us.

Mrs. Smith. Well, I told my husband that you would give us a lecture on temperance if we mentioned the cider. He said we must not mind that. If he had not sold to your father,

others would, and my husband must do something for his family's support.

Mary. Is there then no conscience in this matter? can he thus push his victims down to ruin, and sustain his family with the price of blood, and tears, yes, of immortal souls, and feel no horror? Nothing to disturb the slumbers of his night? He may, but I hope you never will know how to sympathize with us.

Mrs. Smith. I have not called to talk about that now. My husband says you have some furniture and books he will be obliged to take for your debt if it is not paid soon. He has left off selling spirits and wants to collect what is due on old accounts.

Charley. You won't take our little bed, will you?

Katy. What made your husband leave selling spirit?

Mrs. Smith. Can't tell you exactly; a particular friend of his said there was something new coming up among the hot-brained temperance men down to Augusta, and to get off easy, he had better quit at once. ●

Katy. What can it be? Oh! Is there not some good coming?

Mrs. Smith. Don't know anything more about it. Mr. Smith was quite fretty; wished people might act their own principles.

Lincoln. I say that — let folks have their liberty ; I shall, I know.

Mrs. Smith. But we must hasten. Mrs. Riley, do you think of taking one of these boys ?

Mrs. Riley. I suppose, as you have so hard a chance to provide for your brothers, you would like to let Billy come and live with us. We shall take good care of him.

Billy. O sister, don't let me go to Mr. Riley's. I heard him swear the other day, and talk just as pa does when he comes home from the tavern. You know I must not go with those who say bad words.

Mary. We are urged by every circumstance, the most distressing possible, to accept your kind offer to take to your home of abundance one of these dear brothers ; but there is one thing which I wish to tell you, and it is the last counsel of our dying mother. One night, her last on earth, when Billy and Charley were ready for bed, she asked to have them say their prayers with her, that she might hear their sweet voices once more, and give them up to their Father in heaven. Ah, she well knew that their earthly father had long since forsaken them. After they had bowed their heads by her bedside, and repeated the prayer she had learned them, she turned her dying eyes to us girls, with a look we can never forget. "Children," said she, "these minds I

leave in your hands, to train. Watch over them and the influences they are exposed to. If possible, keep them with you; but if you are at last *compelled* to put them out to live, oh, be careful to let them go to none but temperate families. Will you promise this one thing?"

Mrs. Riley. You of course promised. I am sorry to say my husband thinks it no harm to drink cider, and stronger drinks at times. He thinks, however, he is a temperate man.

Lincoln. Yes, he is; and so am I. We are good temperance men — who dares dispute it?

Mrs. Riley. He was pleased with Billy — thought he would like to take him; but did not think of this objection.

Lincoln. Yes, let him go, girls; what good will he do you?

Mrs. Smith. You know this community is not very strict about these things. I think you will hardly find such a place for the boys as you would like.

Katy. Better then that we all stay here; and if we perish, it will be in discharge of a conscientious duty. Our cup of bitterness is indeed full. One sweet drop is in it still — a good conscience.

Billy. If I was a man, I think I should like to have good meetings, and talk to people about temperance, just as sisters talk to us, when they sit here sewing in the evening.

Charley. I got little George and Dick Grey to promise me not to drink one drop of their pa's cider. Won't they grow up temperance men, sisters?

Mary. I think they will, my darling. I am glad you are trying to do good so early; that is the way to be happy.

Katy. I cannot help hoping the day will come, when this subject will be more considered, and the evil removed.

Mrs. Riley. I am very sure Mr. Riley would not drink so much if it was not in his sight. He says he knows he is better without it, and thinks every one is; but when he meets others, and is urged to join them in drinking, he cannot refuse, lest he should be laughed at. I dare say he would not be sorry if spirit was out of the reach of all. I know we should have a very different, yes, a better community.

Mary. Just think, ladies, of the evil it is doing in this town. The families (you know them, and I too, and to their sorrow,) kept poor and degraded, without the means of moral and religious improvement,—wives and children suffering, Heaven alone knows how much. There are young men that pass well for fine moral gentlemen, when they are out of town and think they are not known, will indulge in the social glass. Oh, my heart bleeds when I

think of the tender sisters whose hearts may yet be wrung as ours have been, at the fall of the best of brothers ! We know that they secretly but surely are passing downward the same road to ruin as others who now seem lost to all that is good and pure. You wonder why we speak so plain. John has often alluded to these well applauded young men (temperate, to be sure, they call themselves,) who have joined him in sipping the fatal poison, instead of taking him by the hand, and by word and example, leading him away from temptation ; are not such in great danger ?

Mrs. Smith. There is young Mr. Appleton, whose addresses they say you refused, Miss Mary, some time ago, just because he was not a true teetotaler. He has just returned from California, very wealthy, and purchased that elegant stand in Pleasant Vale. I heard brother say he still preferred you to any other, and thought you would not refuse such an offer if you could have it now.

Katy. Did you say he was an exception to the general laxity of temperance principles in this place ?

Mrs. Smith. Why, I understand he won't sign a pledge, it looks so much as though one could not govern themselves ; he don't want to be bound.

Lincoln. That's it — he's the man I like for that.

Mrs. Smith. Of course, if he now condescends to offer himself again to you in your present situation, it bespeaks an interest in yourself you cannot refuse. I shall expect to see you leave this home for Pleasant Vale.

Mary. Your words are painful, Mrs. Smith. You do not know Mary Lincoln. Poverty and distress have indeed shaken and torn this poor heart, worn upon my health, but only rooted deeper my principles. I cannot, no, I never will marry the man who is not strictly temperate.

Lincoln. Law — what a silly fool she is.

Mrs. Smith. Well, you are a strange girl; you must take your own course. I will take my work home if you don't like to take it.

Mrs. Riley. I cannot help thinking if the men who do the business of the town and State, had the interest and viewed the subject as these girls do, the sale of spirits might be suppressed.

Mary. O Mrs. Riley! Many long nights when I could not sleep for fear and anxiety, I have thought of the thousands suffering perhaps even more than we, and if I could exert any influence to remove the great curse, I could lay my life upon the altar, and my soul could calmly go to its rest, with the sweet thought that it had blessed the world.

Mrs. Riley. I feel that I shall talk more earnestly at home upon this subject, and labor for reform, especially among my children. I wonder we have thought so little about it. Good evening.

Exit Mrs. Smith, and Riley.

Katy. I have been thinking of a dream I had last night, while you have been talking with these ladies. It left a pleasant impression on my mind.

Mary. O sister, you are always trying to think of something new to cheer us when we are ready to despond.

Charley. O Katy, will you please tell your dream?

Katy. I thought all of us were out near this house. Father and John were leaning against the house with arms folded, all covered with dirt and rags. We children were very hungry, and searching for bread among some thorny bushes, which tore and wounded our flesh greatly. Suddenly I heard a great sweeping, like wings in the air. I looked up, and a beautiful being like an angel was hovering over the heads of father and John. I could see big tears run down their cheeks, and they shone in the moonlight like silver drops. Then this angel poured something out of a golden vial which ran all

down over them, until their garments looked clean and white. Then there was a clear crystal brook ran from their feet across the garden, among the thorny bushes until they were loaded with rich ripe fruit so they bowed down with its weight. I waked so happy. I longed to go to sleep and dream it again, it was so delightful.

Mary. Ah! our mother's prayers are bottled up.

Katy. And will they not be poured out upon us, and father and John, when the tears of repentance shall unseal them?

Mary. O sister, the angel of hope seems ever whispering to you of a brighter future. You are like a star at midnight, ever hopeful. To me, it is indeed the midnight of gloom. There is but one thing that can bring us joy on earth: that is, the reform of our erring ones; with that, we may hope for all of earth that can make life happy — peace and plenty to flow from their footsteps indeed. I fear that can never be, while the temptation is before them. You know how poor mother used to go and entreat Smith and Kilby to refuse to sell that which sent misery to our once happy home, but all in vain; they loved the coppers better than souls. There is but one alternative, and that is, the arm of our government with its boasted laws of justice and benevolence, would strike a blow

that would make a thousand hearts leap with joy and hope. That happy day must be far in the future, too far for us to enjoy. I need not dwell upon it. Hark! is that John's step?

Lincoln. Did you say he had come — John, that you — Oh, how dry I am — no, not come yet.

Katy. It is Mr. Appleton and his sister.

Mr. Appleton. Good evening, ladies. (Ladies reply, Good evening.) You have changed your residence since I left town, I perceive — thought I must find you.

Katy. Great changes indeed — with us, most especially. Our dear mother is gone, no longer able to bear the sorrows that became her lot. John you would not know, he is so altered; and father sits there very dull to-night.

Miss Appleton. I understand he treats you very unkindly. I often think of you. I know how happy we once were at school together.

Mary. We make no effort to hide the tokens of our wretchedness, they are all around us. You remember, Mr. Appleton, the last time you were here, after a long conversation with brother John, he said he *could* do without spirits and would sign the pledge if you would. You thought it folly to sign, and you would not gratify certain ones so much who had been so

forward. Oh, sir, I think then you might have saved him; he has gone on since, swift to degradation; we cannot tell you how much we are distressed.

Miss Appleton. Pity you had not, brother, for his sisters' sake; you think so much of them, if nothing more.

Katy. You know that father and John are very decided, if they would once promise us, we know it would be done.

Mr. Appleton. Why, they need not have gone so far; one may take a little wine out on a ride, or some particular occasion, and not injure him. There is no need of drinking like this. If some of our good farmers drink a little cider it cannot be any harm — where they have so much.

Lincoln. That's just what I tell um — that's my mind exactly.

Katy. Can one take a viper to his bosom, and not be bitten? or a coal of fire, and not be burned?

Mary. If the germ of the upas tree be seen just starting from the earth, although a mere sprout, is it not the upas nevertheless? If it remain, will it not become a tree, whose blasting influence destroys every thing near it? Would it not be much easier and better to tear out the sprout, than the strong, and deeply-rooted tree?

Miss Appleton. I think with you, ladies, that intemperance is like the upas tree, poisoning every family, and every community, in which it has a place. Brother and I cannot see alike on this subject. He prides himself, in his temperate indulgence in wine, as he calls it, but I do not, I cannot surely.

Mary. Perhaps he thinks we are too earnest. But is it not contrary to all reason and justice that such destructive influence should be permitted its unrestrained ravages among us? Can we feel its scorpion sting piercing our inmost soul, and taking by slow, sure robbery our dearest joys, and still be silent? No, we must speak out though kings were here.

Miss Appleton. Does your brother follow any employment now?

Katy. Oh, no — not steadily; he has for a long time spent all he earns for drink.

Mary. And then he has so changed in his manner towards us. I dare not think of it. It is ours to endure what with our utmost effort we cannot avoid; yet we know there are those who *can* do something toward removing this evil.

Mr. Appleton. Well, this is a view of the subject for which I was not prepared. I have scarcely thought that any responsibility for this state of things rests on me. But I cannot resist

your words. There is indeed something in this. I would this moment give half the gold I have risked my life to obtain, if I could go back to the evening to which you refer, and atone for the evil influence I now see I have exerted over your brother, whom I loved and esteemed in our early days, as one of the most talented in our town. I feel that I was wrong in neglecting a good deed, for motives unworthy a man such as I ought to be. Will you now accept a small sum as a poor recompense for your sufferings? (Offering a purse.)

Mary. No, Mr. Appleton, I cannot, without violating a principle inseparable from my very being. No, not gold, but your influence I implore, by word, and more by example. You say you have wealth; this renders you more efficient to the overthrow of the monster that is devouring us.

Miss Appleton. There is much excitement in other places on this subject. I think I read last night about a debate in the Maine Legislature upon a motion to confine the sale of ardent spirits wholly to agents appointed for that purpose. There is a prospect of a law to that effect.

Katy. Are you sure? We might almost hope from such a law to see the dead raised to life.

Mary. Don't be too enthusiastic, sister. This is most too good to hope for.

Katy. Now, don't you remember Mrs. Smith spoke of this? You did not seem to notice it. I have thought much of it.

Mary. Yes, sister ; but our hopes have been so often dashed to the earth by false pretensions of temperance principles, that always fail in the day of trial, that I fear to trust. If our young, yes, and our old men, all, would do what they might, and were not afraid to cut off the cider tap, and morning dram, and would stand up, true, noble, Heaven-approved temperance men, I know the thing would be done. A whole-souled effort in a right cause must and will prevail.

Mr. Appleton. I humbly confess a guilty apathy on this subject, for which I promise to atone by unwearied effort to encourage and strengthen the public sentiment which will cherish and sustain such a law.

Enter Clara.

We live to meet again.

Katy. Why, sister Clara, how unexpectedly you have come ! And here is brother John — how is this ?

Clara. Brother John sent me a line to hurry home. I met him when I arrived in town, waiting for me.

Mary. We will all listen to you, John. I

see a change in your countenance, if my heart don't deceive me, a good one.

John. O sisters, dear, injured sisters, I know not how to begin. But where is father? — can you not wake father?

Lincoln. Then you have come, John. Oh, how my head aches! I have slept, but not all the time — they talked so here. But why have you been gone so long?

John. Well, I left home to get something to drink, and bring home, as I promised; but I found the bars all closed against me,—sale of spirit all closed up, on account of the new law. I *raved* — I longed for vengeance. I strolled off to the village. There I could get no drink. I wished for the strength of Samson, that I could bring down the house upon the whole assembly of the Legislature that had made such a law. Well, I passed on; near the Town Hall I saw a crowd, and went in. There I heard the trial of a poor drinking fellow, who had fired a building. I saw before him a gloomy life within the prison walls. This showed me the folly and consequence of vengeance. This brought me a little to myself. I began to think of my condition and past life — how near the sad fate of this poor wretch I had come! I thought how miserable I had made my home and myself. I resolved at least to confess my wrongs to my

father, whom I had helped on in wickedness, and to my suffering sisters. I sent for Clara, that I might see you all together. I had now been without drink so long, I began to see things as I had not for years. Every face I met in the street looked reproaches into my guilty soul. I longed to hide from every eye. I wandered into the grove, sat down, and gave myself up to my own bitter reflections on happier days. The pale face of my heart-broken mother came before me, and the kind voice of her warnings and counsels seemed sounding on my ear; then the midnight toil, the early wasting of my sisters' bloom,—the good home I had helped to squander, all — all just for what? Just to wash my throat with liquid fire, and make myself a fiend! O sisters, could you have known the agony of my bursting heart, could you have seen the scalding tears I shed, you would have forgiven your tenfold guilty brother.

Mary. O brother, we always forgave you when we prayed. We have learned to forgive as we hope to be forgiven, and to pray for those who spitefully use us.

John. Ah, I am not worthy of such friends. Well, I arose to my feet, called on the tall trees around me, that seemed moaning to the autumn winds, on the sinless birds that chimed a plaintive note as if in sympathy with my woes,

on all earth and holy heaven to witness my vows, that never, *never* more, would I raise to my lips the intoxicating draught. That now and forever my friendship with rum and all its kindred was broken. I started for the railroad station, with a strange calm something more like happiness stealing over my spirits than I had felt for a long time before. There I met a gentleman who passed me a copy of the late law suppressing the sale of ardent spirits.

Katy. Is there then a law passed, printed and enforced?

Mary. Pray read—read it John; our hearts scarcely beat for suspense.

John. Will you please read it, Mr. Appleton? My eyes are quite inflamed by weeping.

Billy. And father is crying, too; now won't the angels come, sister, that you dreamed about?

Miss Appleton. This is such a scene as angels might come to look upon.

Mr. Appleton reads.

John. Ay, Mr. Appleton, it was this law which but yesterday I hated that has been thrust between me and destruction. Could I have obtained it, I should have drowned in the treacherous bowl my thundering conscience, just as I had done many times before.

Mr. Lincoln. Well, John, I've a great deal more to repent of than you. I have led you into sin. But it is *hard*, amazing hard for a man grown old in sin to change and repent.

Charley. O pa, you won't come home and frighten us any more, will you? You look as though you would not, dear father.

Billy. Dear father, I wish you would love us as poor mother did and call us dear boys —

Lincoln. Ah, a poor father I've been to you. Heaven knows I feel bad enough about it.

Clara. One thing only is wanting to fill our cup with joy. That is, to hear you promise what brother John has, father.

John. O father, let a poor worthless son entreat you to promise.

Mr. Appleton. I cannot be silent, Mr. Lincoln. I will give *my* word to be no more a half way wine drinking temperance man. I promise, without reserve, to set my face against intemperance and use my influence to gain others to the cause, and I will sign the first teetotal pledge I see.

Lincoln. Well, I am with you, Mr. Appleton. I will halt no longer. I may yet again be a man. I promise that I will drink no more spirits or cider, henceforth and forever. All you are witnesses.

Katy. May Heaven be forever praised for

this happy hour ! The day has dawned and the day star has risen upon us.

Mary. Oh ! that every cottage that has felt the withering curse of intemperance, could witness such a scene as this ! May every hand, heart, and voice be awake to drive far-hence the hidra-headed monster until a trace of his infernal footsteps shall be found no more on the earth, but let it all be driven down to Hell together.

All. So let it be ! So let it be !

MARINE JOURNAL.

LIFE, OCEAN ; SHIP, HUMANITY.

The morning was bright and clear ; not a cloud in all the broad blue sky to vail the splendor of the rising sun. The breath of countless flowers floating on the gentle zephyrs came to us from every direction, and the songs of happy birds stirred all the crystal air with rapturous melody. Such was the enchanting scene that was slowly receding from our view as we spread our sail to the faint breeze and glided glowly out of the harbor of parental guardianship. We passed gently down the smooth channel of mental culture, flowing be-

tween its high banks of moral restraint and home affections. The air became so still, the sails loosed from their masts, and our ship drifted with the gentle force of the current with now and then a dip of the oars of self-application; yet even here we were told there were some small crafts that preceded us, which had met with trouble, by neglect or deserting the vigilance post, and suffering, through sloth, their boat to flounder in the sand near the banks and were lost; and others, by crowding sails when the little vanity gusts which are quite frequent here sprung up, were capsized or greatly injured; yet our helmsman, a young Mr. Vigilance, kept our vessel in the middle of the channel, and we passed safely through. The sun was getting high up in the heavens when we found our vessel rising and sinking with the swelling of the waves. We were now out on the broad ocean, the great heaving, throbbing, surging ocean. Far as the eye could see were vessels of every description, all moving over the same great highway. While many of our crew were standing on deck, watching the receding of the distant shore, now like a mere thread lying along the distant horizon, some of the younger part of our company began to be very restless, complaining of the heat of the sun, the dry air, &c. Now and then came a

sigh for the cooling grottos and flowery glades now fading in the misty distance. Just then a strange sail hove in sight, bearing towards us with great rapidity. When she came alongside we plainly saw in large gaudy capitals on her flag the ominous device, "Live while you live;" she swept past our more moderate ship, and we caught a sight of sparkling goblets and heard the sound of music, while all seemed life and hilarity. Just as young Mr. Appetite and Mr. Presumption and several of their comrades began to murmur at our slow progress, a venerable old man whose name was Wisdom, came on deck, looking mildly at the young men, then raising his cane and pointing away to the leeward, "There," said he, "are some dangerous breakers off yonder where you see the spray leaping up so high in the air." Capt. Decision, who had often been in consultation with Mr. Wisdom, now appeared, and led him to the helm, and gave orders to Mr. Vigilance, who occupied that post, to attend strictly to the direction of the old man, Wisdom. Scarcely was this done, before a wild gust like a black cloud was seen whirling along in the rear over the waves and began to roar and rattle among our rigging with a frightful noise. Firmly the old man grasped the helm, as orders to take in the sail were shouted from the captain. On she

tumbled, the gallant young ship, now plunging into the sepulchral trough of the boiling sea, now careering to the clouds on the mountain wave. "We are lost," feebly wailed a sickly Mr. Nerveless. "We are nearing the breakers," and leaving his post he sank down by the side of the hatchway, just in the way of the more vigorous sailors.

Here a young man with very benign countenance and clear musical voice, a Mr. Hopewell, coming down from the foretop, where with his spy glass he had kept a constant look out, and modestly raising his cap he very reverently addressed the old man, Wisdom, still at the helm. "Shall we weather this?" he said inquiringly. "Yes," said the venerable old man, "Every man at his post and the right man here." With a mournful sweetness of his voice he repeated, "Every man to his post and all will be well;" there was a hidden meaning in his look. Here another whirl of the wind nearly prostrated the young man, who caught hold of the long garments of Mr. Wisdom, who still sat firm watching every phase of the storm. The winds played wildly with his long white locks, and fluttered his garments, which were wrapt loosely about him. "Another tack, now, straight forward," the helmsman shouted, "and she is safe." Soon the foaming breakers were

behind, and many were on deck, still tossed though we were, and intently watching the dangerous rocks, as they grew smaller in the distance, and listening to the kind words of the old man, Wisdom.

"Many a proud ship," said he, "has gone down there, and such is the dismal roar that comes up from that direction, superstition has called it the wailing of the poor lost mariners." "What name has been given to these fearful rocks?" inquired Mr. Seekgood. "They have several names: Temerity, Violence, Wrath, and such like." "What has saved us?" was the inquiry of many on board. "Many, when setting out on this dangerous voyage," continued Wisdom, "have listened to the younger sailors, and have refused to take experienced navigators, and have placed young Presumption, Appetite, and Love-wealth, and kindred characters, by turns at the helm. When dangers came they were quickly overwhelmed. Some have escaped to own their folly to others, while many, alas! the billows have swallowed up and they are no more." Here the captain cast a meaning glance at the bustling little fellows who had so much opposed the reception of the old man, Wisdom, and who cast such unkind and contemptuous glances at his white locks, and the old worn chart that was always under his arm.

He evidently wished to remind them how they had urged the importance of their own services at the helm, instead of his. Ah! but for him whom they so much despised, and wished to reject, they might have now been dashing among the seaweeds that twist and whirl around the charnel rocks of the ocean. Yet the wealth we possess in this venerable old man and his chart, was not yet developed. As the waves sank away, taking the spy glass and looking to the leeward, he observed a speck on the horizon. "We shall soon pass between two islands; on one of these the Goddess of Pleasure has her magnificent temple and thousands worship there at her shrine. On the other side of the strait is the Island of Avarice, under the government of a very cruel and oppressive monarch, who is descended from the family Lovelucres, a pernicious root, from which has sprung several dynasties, under the various names of Slaveocrats, Blood-burners, Face-grinders, Heart-bleeders, Soul-stealers, Nation-shakers, and, in fact, a large progeny from a powerful ancestry. With astonishing skill they continue to strengthen their kingdom and lure many an unwary mariner into their strong holds; and when there, they throw around him the cords of unending vassalage. Near the further outlet, and running in from either island is an immense

sand bar, called the Bankrupt bar. Without the most skillful management of the vessel between the two, there is imminent danger of being stranded. Hence, any who go near either shore, are liable to be destroyed in very sight of land." By this time we began to see the island very distinctly. While we were gazing there came from the Island of Pleasure the sound as of many instruments of music, and beating of drums. We could discern her long, many-colored banners floating above the glittering turrets of her lofty domes. It must have been a *gala* day, for everything seemed life and motion, and shining in the greatest splendor. Just here quite an altercation took place between Messrs. Appetite and Love-wealth; the former was vociferous to go ashore on the Island of Pleasure, and the other to visit the Island of Avarice. They had long importunings with the captain, each begging as before, to take the helm and turn the ship in his own way, while the captain seemed moved by their earnest eloquence.

A fair-haired boy, whose name was Conscience, with a clear piercing eye, drew near, and in a silvery-toned voice, addressed them. "Ye know not what ye ask. Had ye given heed to the words of the old man, Wisdom, or consulted the valuable chart which he bears

about him, you would turn away with horror and look not on the fascinations that are spread out but to lure the voyager to her bone-white shore. There are deadly waves that forever dash and murmur along her banks, and none can pass over them and return again. She shines to decoy, she lures to destroy, and thousands have rushed into the rapids that dash the luckless vessel on that fatal shore, while they are bound in helpless captivity, despair and death, and their bones bleach where heaps of victims lie, silent, ghostly trophies of the syren's power." So deep-toned grew his voice, so unearthly and soul-stirring, and his eye beamed with such celestial fire, that the listeners quailed before him. They had not dreamed of the power that slumbered in that little lad. No sooner had he turned to the cabin below when young Presumption began, "All of this may be true, we will not attempt a landing, yet let us beseech the captain to take a sweep around a little nearer, that we may only see these magnificent structures and read the devices on those waving banners." It was agreed. The captain, wishing to be at peace with all, suffered the vessel to turn her majestic prow toward the bewildering enchantress. "How foolish the fears of that old man and his little favorite, Conscience!" said one to an-

other ; " We are safe enough ; how easy we can turn away when we see danger ! How proudly she leaps over the waves before the flying winds ! " Hark ! a low growl, what means it ? Another and still another, a grinding, scraping sound, each attended by a violent lurch of the ship. " Rocks ! rocks ! " shouted the captain. " A leak ! " cries Vigilance from below. " To the pumps," roared the captain, and with a look of horrid dismay, he grasped the arm of Wisdom, and cried out, " Oh, save us once more, and your counsel shall be regarded in future." Suddenly a wild shriek was heard from below. Conscience had been apprised of the whereabouts of the vessel and began terrific cries and dismal wailings that thrilled every one on board with horror. In vain was every effort made to quiet his ravings. There was no where peace. The old man, who was now regarded as the living, infallible oracle, was now consulted in regard to what they should do. For Conscience had awakened in every heart a fearful looking for the fiery indignation that awaited them. He then read from the old chart under his arm a prescription, which was immediately prepared, consisting of one part confession and two parts contrition, to be administered freely till quiet was restored. Strange to tell, as soon as we were headed towards the middle of

the strait, and our vessel repaired by one Mr. Temperance, and peace restored, who should be seen slyly whispering to the captain but Mr. Seek-wealth, entreating him just to stop a few hours at the opposite shore. Time would fail to describe this hazardous adventure, how a skirmish ensued, and Conscience, still feeble, was severely wounded, and not able to perform duty for many days, and many valuables on board destroyed. Also difficulties were encountered at the sand bar. Mr. Economy was constantly employed in taking soundings and thought it almost impossible for us to escape. After much toil, however, and great danger, we once more found our vessel in the open sea. Here we must pause and reflect upon one mournful sight, which left such a dark impression, that the bare mention of it on board shades every face with gloom. It was a wreck, a magnificent wreck. While we were toiling and beating at the great sand bar, we heard the signal of distress, and looking toward Pleasure Island, a strange object was seen. On examination through the spy-glass, our captain pronounced it a wreck of the fast ship that shot past us with the broad colors and the epicurean motto, "Live while you live." The winds were driving her hard upon the rocks; her sails were half-mast, and now and then we

could hear the deep booming of the signal gun. A ship in distress, yet beyond reach of hope and help. She pitched,—rolled—now lost in the spray—now trembling on the wave. “She’s gone,” said the captain, as he swept the glass along the misty horizon down the rocky shore, “nothing there to be seen but the waves lashing the rocks.” Imagination alone, must tell the long story of their sufferings, their early folly in choosing such a crew and outfit, and their rapid course to their mournful end. None will ever come back to tell the story of their ruin.

When we were once more freed from duty by a calm, with what deferential affection all gathered around the old man, and the now healthy and tenderly cherished Conscience, some at his feet, others took hold of his garments; or caressingly drew a hand over his long silver hair, as he gave more minute descriptions of the various parts of the ocean. He often related instances of intense suffering, resulting from the inexperience of navigators, who, trusting in their own wisdom and strength, always failed to reach the port. He was wont to say, “Though the wicked join hand in hand, they shall not go unpunished.” So delighted did we become with these instructions, and the frequent readings from his priceless chart, that the former troublesome sailors began

to learn their folly and behave with more becoming grace. We had many storms of common adversity to encounter, which sometimes left the crew greatly exhausted and our ship partially disabled. Thus we moved on, sometimes beneath a scorching sun, then madly driven by tempestuous winds. Yet the sweet voice of Conscience, or the cheerful songs of Hope, made us strong in the belief that we should reach the Port, while the words of our venerable Counsellor, and the comforting promises which he read, were the delight of us all. One day Mr. Hope came on deck with a rapturous glow on his face, and shouted at the top of his voice, "I can see the port." We were all summoned one by one, to look through the spy-glass, which he held. We saw a silvery crest lying along the distant horizon that assured us it was the long wished for Haven. Our vessel once anchored there, shall heave and writhe with old ocean's waves no more. She is old and shattered and can endure but a few more storms, and we may all rejoice that we can soon bid her adieu, and go up to behold the King in his Temple, surrounded by a countless host, who have crossed the stormy ocean, and now, with palms of victory in their hands, and crowns of glory on their heads, are singing, "Allelujah to the King forever and

ever." Hope leaped for joy, and clapping his hands, broke out in a song of gladness so loud and clear, that it rang through the vessel, and was borne off by the murmuring waves and wind in almost entrancing cadence. "Listen a moment," said Wisdom, "I have one more thing to say, then I shall be silent. Just this side of yonder beauteous shore rolls a dark, deep gulf; we must pass over it, (called sigis mortis). The winds that sweep over it are so chilling that all on board become so benumbed that it is impossible to do duty, and, beside, there comes up such a mist we cannot see. Hence, pilots are sent by the King to pilot those who will surrender all to their care safely into port. Fear not then, when the cold winds blow around; call for the pilot, and when once borne up the distant bank, you will suddenly start into new life at the touch of the reviving air, and at the sound of the Harpers who fill all the Kingdom with the sweetest music that ever fell on mortal ear."

While I beheld with speed surprising,
Down in its depths they plunged from sight,
Gazing still I saw them rising,
Like the angels, clothed in white.

SABBATH SCHOOL ENTERPRISE.

FIRST SCENE.

The drunken father on the stage ; a lad sitting on the stage, reading ; sister near by sewing. Enter another sister, flings down her bonnet with a hasty, desponding air, exclaiming :

Annie. Dear,—dear me. How tired I am of the confusion, bustle, and excitement of this world ! I am every day hoping for something to make me happy, and am every day disappointed. Now I am positively tired of trying.

Susan. How now, sister ; what has disturbed you ?

Annie. Disturbed ! why it is nothing else with me. Here you sit, day after day, and sew and read, and talk to this and that little ragged urchin that you can see, and seem as quiet as you please. As for me there is no peace, no rest in this wide world.

Susan. I thought I heard your friend, Miss Gray say, that you were the very gayest of the party at Mrs. Haynes' ; you seemed always smiling and receiving attentions and flatteries of some of the most wealthy and genteel that were there.

Little Harry. What think poor little Susan Lill said to her brother, when you and young

Alcott dashed by us, as we were going to Sabbath School last Sabbath?

Annie. Some of your sagacious sayings, I dare say. What might it be?

Harry. She said she thought you could not be so happy, away for pleasure on the Sabbath, as her dear teacher was talking with her class in Sabbath School. She wished you knew what a delightful place it was—she believed you would come in.

Annie. Oh, nonsense! The Sabbath School! That will do for you and lame Susan to talk about, now she is not able to go to parties, theatres, and such places, as afford real amusement. Fine place would not it be, for a young lady of *my* cloth, who has her hundreds to spend for her pleasure!

Harry. I think I should never love you better than when I see you kindly talking with some poor little children that we see every Sabbath; I know you could make them so happy.

Annie. Just see me now,—your sister Annie.—After I have spent so much time in learning to dance, and sing, and everything that would make me accomplished, and prepared to make a mark in the world, go and set myself down with a lot of little sleepy, dirty youngones, telling them what m-a-n spells, and

what to do when Sunday comes! There — there — I should not know myself in such a pew.

Harry. O sister, there are not *many* poor little children in our school, and if there were, I should feel all the better to see them improving under your care. But you may take a class of young ladies; there are many you can have. Then I know they would love you so, and look so delighted to see you come in, would you not be happy *then*, sister?

Annie. Happy? how could I be happy mumbling over the Bible all the week, studying out a lesson to make me appear respectable as a teacher on the Sabbath? What chance should I have to read the new novels, as they come out? You know I have so many calls, parties, and rides *now*, I have not found time to read the last package that Mr. Alcott left me four or five weeks since. Pretty child this to go about such dull business. Not I.

Susan. Perhaps you will not desire to read such light and hurtful matter when you have begun a life of usefulness and study more important books.

Annie. But I don't believe anything of your nonsense and don't want to hear it.

Harry. But it must be so, Annie, for sister Susan has not wished me to read a foolish ro-

mance (as she calls it) to her, since she has been able to sit up after her long confinement from that dreadful accident of the cars. Now she says she is very happy to sit and sew, although she has but little hope that she can ever walk again. She says she has just learned how to enjoy life. She feels far more quiet and happy to hear me read *good books* and tell her of the families where she sends me with the beautiful new things she makes for them.

Annie. Nothing but a great show of charity. She knows she was not fit to enjoy the pleasures of society, or she would not have been shut up here these three years. She wants to make a display in some way, so she gets these poor widows and ragged children shouting and fluttering and crying round her, just as though she was an angel, just flown down from a place where all is very beautiful.

Susan. Ah, sister, part of your words are true, though painful from the taunt they meant, and spirit they bespeak. Yet I forgive you. You know not what you do. I know I was, and always am, unworthy of the blessings that I daily receive. Oh, how truly unfit for them, when I received them with such a hard, ungrateful heart as I once did.

Harry. O sister Annie! Susan wept a long time after you went out last night. I think it

was because you said such cruel words to her. But I did not wish to ask her; she seemed grieved to talk.

Susan. Sweet boy, I love your tender sympathy. I grieved not so much at my own wounds that sister inflicts, as at the sad state of her heart, and the sorrow I fear she will bring upon herself.

Annie. Oh, what gloomy, sickly sentimentality! I should go into *consumption* if I were confined to *your* company. In a few weeks I shall have a splendid house and servants all to myself, and Alcott says I shall be denied nothing that will add to my happiness that *wealth* can procure. I hope to see some *peace* then; not hear so much about my *hard heart* and *blind heart*, and the future world and such like.

Harry. My teacher said last Sabbath, "He must make much of the present, for to-morrow was not ours; and future things were hidden from us and everything was uncertain," but one, and that is death. Oh, here comes Mrs. Bridel—that woman that was so sick. Please walk in, Mrs. Bridel.

Enter Mrs. B., very tired and feeble.

Susan. You look very tired, Mrs. Bridel. I fear you have taken too long a walk. Will you take my fan?

Mrs. B. to Susan. I am quite well, now, thank you. I thought this beautiful morning, I should be perfectly happy if I could reach your house, and talk with you and this dear young lad. You have done so much for us I can never tell you how much we are indebted to you. I could not have lived if you had not remembered me in my sickness day after day. O Miss, when I heard your carriage stop at the cottage door I used to thank my Heavenly Father for such an angel visit. Your gentle, pious words always made me feel so quiet.

Susan. Is your daughter at home, that I have seen with you?

Mrs. Bridel. Ah, she has gone out now to find some sewing. She lost her work while I was sick, because she could not do enough to please Mr. Griffin. I hope she will find some, for I can help her now, poor girl, that she may get prepared to go to church again. You cannot think what a comfort my poor Jane has become to me, since little Harry first led her to the Sabbath-school. She would read such good books to me while I was sick that made me quite forget my sufferings. And now her father is not so cruel to her, but often sits a whole evening to hear her read. I know you will be blessed for your great kindness in our distress.

Susan. I have several garments fitted for some children. I will send them to you and Jane, if you wish. You need not look elsewhere for work at present, long as I am able to carry on my present operation.

Harry. I will carry the work, sister, and that new tract for Mr. Bridel, if you say I may.

Mrs. Bridel. Oh, a thousand, thousand blessings on your precious heads. I will hasten home to tell Jane soon as she shall return. May you live a long and happy life. Good morning.

Exit Mrs. Bridel.

Harry. I am so delighted to see that good woman so well and happy. Won't they all become good now, that wicked man begins to like good reading.

Susan. We must "rejoice with them that rejoice" and be humbly grateful for the great privilege of scattering a few flowers in the path of the lowly.

Annie. Then you are dressing up a lot of children. I wonder what will be the *next* outbreak of your charity.

Harry. Don't, pretty sister. You know my teacher told us to go out into some of the back streets and see if we could not persuade some little wicked Sabbath breakers to come to the

house down the lane, and when I asked them if they would go with me next Sabbath, they said they had no clothes. So you know sister Susan has got help, and dressed enough for one large class, and that dear Miss Bruce is their teacher. Oh, you can't think how bright and pleasant they look at me when I see them. Now I have found some more that will be ready soon for another class.

Annie, (tossing a new handkerchief scornfully). Here, Su, you are so full of good works, just hem this for me, will you? (Then to Harry). Yes, yes, Harry, this teacher of yours is the one that has done the mischief. If he had not got you so filled with his notions, you might have become quite polished by this time. Alcott says he would have made you one school and learn the Bible. I have been to the of the finest dancers in the place if you had not left him. Here you have talked and read Susan into the same dull Bibleism and nonsense. You might have had as many gay friends as I have, and been as much admired and praised. How provoking.

Susan. Did you not say, sister, when you came in, you were *not* happy? Everything failed to please you?

Annie. Well, what if I did? So I *am* tired of the world and vexed with everything I see in it. But I could not endure to live as you do.

Harry. You have not tried it, sister. You cannot judge.

Enter a boy and leaves a letter and retires.

Annie. Heigho, a letter for me; so it is, Alcott; yes, Alcott's hand writing. (Reads silently.) What! Gracious stars! (Lets fall the letter.) Have I come to this! (Harry takes it.) Yes, Harry, read it. Perhaps I dream—is it real? Oh, horrors! (Harry reads.) Miss ANNIE,—There is a deperate satisfaction I feel in this last and only opportunity of letting you know the truth, that disguise is no longer possible, I have been one of a secret band for plunder and gain in every way possible. This you will hear perhaps before this reaches you. When I learned the immense wealth of your family I thought to gain your favor and win over the little pet Harry to join our ranks, and through his unsuspecting, and unsuspected disposition gain our purpose on your unconscious father.

But the detestable *Sabbath-school* and the sayings of that *teacher* of his, has been like a hateful bulwark around him. We could not gain him by flatteries or promises. He alone has saved your family. But it is all out now. We had a traitor, and I know there is no hope, but to suffer the penalty of the law. I have

always expected detection, but hoped to brave it a little longer. I know now there is nothing more for me in this world. Hope you will not attempt to see me. I could not bear the look of that pious sister of yours. She has often haunted my conscience with her solemn words; yes, I have a little conscience left. I was once with a good, kind sister, under good instruction. I was first led away by these same combinations that have proved my ruin. By the most flattering prospects of wealth and unrestrained pleasures, I ran away from school, and joined hands with the wicked to do evil.

I have seen my good sister weep over me, but in vain. Alas! she now sleeps in the grave; and my parents — this stroke will break their hearts. My conscience has sometimes goaded me to break away from these wicked bands. Yet the love of life kept me on, reveling over a wretched heart. Now the worst must come! This partial confession to you has for once unlocked the fountain of tears. I weep freely — the first time for years. Oh, the past! The early, innocent past! when I might have heeded the voice of instruction, and led a happy, useful life. Alas! all is lost — gone forever! My imagination pictures now that lovely Harry, whom I shall see no more, clothed in light, guarded on either side by a wall of fire, which

that lame sister's and teacher's influence and prayers, keep burning bright, looking calm and firm rebukes into my writhing soul. Yes, I sought his ruin, and not *his alone*. But 'tis past; yes, I meet my deserts. I shall be tormented, while scores and hundreds shall rise up to crown him with laurels of honor, gratitude and love. But I wander — my brain reels.

Farewell forever. Yours no longer,

ALCOTT.

Annie. Oh, what disgrace! what meanness! I thought I was miserable as I *could* be, before. How can I live?

Harry. Let us rejoice, sister, that we have escaped from the dangerous snare that was lain for us.

Susan. Yes, for us. How much more trouble we might have had! Is it not a kind Providence that has saved us?

Annie. Now I suppose you think I have my pay for taunting you so much. I hope you will not treat me as I have you.

Susan. No — no; far from it. It was your own conscience, not I, or anything in all my deportment, has suggested that thought. I believe you may yet find the true way or road to happiness.

Annie (looking out the window). There

goes Miss Gray. How coldly she looks toward the house! She was to call for me to walk with her. Ay, how she has changed! I could not have thought she would have passed by, so strange!

Susan. We don't know who to call our true friends in the day of prosperity. But never mind, sister,—true happiness is not in the flattering attention of friends.

Annie. Ah, I know I shall be slighted and despised. I wish I had never been born, or never had seen the deceitful fellow. You told me never to trust a young man that would gamble and break the Sabbath, for those habits were generally attended by worse ones; but I did not believe you—I wish I had,—but it is too late. I thought you wanted to afflict me.

Enter two ladies. Harry rises.

Harry. O Misses Rice, will you be seated?

Miss Rice, 1st. We called to give you a little report of our mission the past week, as we promised you.

Susan. I am most happy to see you. I hope you have prospered.

Miss Rice, 2nd. Oh, most assuredly we have, beyond our expectation. For the little children that Master Harry had gathered into the school, there were many books and various

articles wanted, which we supplied from the sum you gave into our charge. We then found those poor little orphans at the bottom of Briar Lane, almost without bread and clothes. The oldest girl could read and sew. After two days we had them clothed, and a pious woman engaged to oversee the work we left for them until next week's visit, when we shall leave books, and enter them in the school.

Harry. Dear little children — no father or mother.

Miss Rice, 1st. Their mother was dead, and their father had not been heard of for some weeks. They must have been scattered in the wicked world, if we had not found them, where nothing but iniquity and sorrow was before them. We found, too, a good gentleman, who noticed our mission, and put into our hands twenty dollars. This was soon disposed of, in clothing and feeding the hungry and destitute. Oh, our hearts ached to see the amount of kind and generous feeling hid up in such filth and rags — such a desire to be and do better; but they knew not how.

Susan. The blessing of those ready to perish be upon you.

Miss Rice, 2nd. We were much affected by the story of a little Willie Bond. He has been in the school, and seemed truly pious, for six

months past. During this time, his mother said he was in the habit, when he came to the table, of clasping his hands, and asking the divine blessing. Last week his father came home from sea—a rough, profane fisherman. When he sat at the table, the little lad meekly closed his eyes, and raised his little hands, and began in a low, solemn tone his usual invocation,—when his father jumped up, enraged, and asked him what it meant. Words were followed by blows, and the little saint was persecuted and forbidden to come to the table, and ate in a corner alone. Some days after, the cruel father heard his meek little son alone in his room. He drew near, heard him praying for his “dear father.” He listened till his sailor heart grew soft, and the big tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks. When the boy arose, he was clasped in his father’s arms, and told to pray all that he pleased, and for his poor wicked father too. A happy family they are now, through that little faithful lad. We wept together with the good mother, tears of joy and gratitude to the Great Author of all good.

Miss Rice, 1st. Those sick widows, too, are slowly gaining. When we set down the little basket of comforts you sent to Mrs. Hoffman, she clasped her hands, and said of you,

"When the car heard her, it blessed her; and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Her blessing seemed so sweet and warm upon us also, it was worth a day's dusty walk to obtain.

Annie. It seems that you find happiness without seeking it, while I have been all my life time seeking it, and grow every day more wretched.

Miss Rice, 1st. Ay, happiness is a way-side flower, not the object at which we aim, in our path.

Annie. Pray, tell me then what is your object?

Miss Rice, 1st. Seek the good of all, the injury of none.

Miss Rice, 2nd. To know right, and do it; love truth, and seek it, and sell no moment but in purchase of its worth, either in improvement to ourselves, or the good of others.

Annie. And you are quite happy, and fear nothing of to-morrow?

Miss Rice, 1st. We try to do the duties of the day, and calmly wait the morrow—have nothing to fear. But we must leave, as we have some writing, to keep an account of our expenditures. So, good afternoon.

Annie (to Susan). What a strange class of beings you have round you! Here you are

attending to all this business,—can't walk a step,—yet much happier than I have ever been. Oh, here is father.

Enter father, with a newspaper.

Father. Well, Annie, you are at home then?

Annie. Yes, indeed; I shall never want to be seen in society again — I am so deceived — so sad.

Father. Then you have heard of the arrests. Rather bad business — rather bad. I did not think Alcott was one of them, surely.

Annie. But he has many habits that some call wicked, father. You know he disregards the Sabbath, uses profane language, and plays cards, and such things. If you had taught me to count these as indications of an unsound character, and taught me to observe strict moral principles in the choice of a companion, I should never have encouraged his addresses; no I should rather — (walking across the stage showing much uneasiness).

Father. What! what! Do you mean to blame me, because you have been deceived by a rascal? (stamps.) Do you say I have not taught you right, when I have denied you nothing. I have given you every means for happiness and knowledge, and told you to make

yourself happy as you could, and choose your own amusements, only keep in respectable society. Is this the return? Do you mean to rebuke me if I choose to play with cards?

Annie. Forgive me, father, I only meant if I could feel and think as Harry and Susan do, I—

Father. They have taken their own way. I have taught them none of these odd notions—I have not been pleased with them. You know that it is in yourself that I have taken pride. I have delighted in your accomplishments, and the praises I have heard lavished upon you.

Harry. It was at the Sabbath School, sister, that I learned to love that which was good and turn away from bad company.

Susan. Had I not been kindly afflicted, and shut out from your gay amusements, I might never have turned a deaf ear to Harry's kind words, and been as you have been.

Annie. But don't you know, father, that Harry goes every day in some street of the city, with books and cakes, talking to the children, and has already, with Susan and some other ladies, clothed and gathered into school scores of children, and some wicked fathers have been reformed and become good and happy?

Father. My Harry? Is it *my* Harry? I have often heard of a little missionary among the children; saw a notice of him in the paper last week,—that he was a remarkable child, very much beloved, and some of the poor people thought he came down from a better world than this is, every morning, and went back every night. He was called good Harry; but I did not know it was my Harry.

Harry. Oh, Father! then you are willing for me to be the children's missionary? (Taking his father's hand).

SUSAN WAKEMAN AND THE INFIDEL.

It was a sultry day in summer. A young woman, erect in form, with an earnest countenance, and rapid step, was passing along the paved walk of the busy street of London. Her face, flushed with the heat and long walk, bore marks of a genial spirit within, blended with an ardor of temperament and firmness of purpose characteristic of a business woman reared amid the noise and stir of London. At a very early age she was left without a mother, and as soon as she could be of any service, was taken into the store with her father. Here she ac-

quired that acquaintance with human nature, that self-reliance and dignified independence, so valuable to her when cast alone upon the world. After her father's death, through the kind interest of an uncle, she was employed by a parasol and umbrella maker, where she became so skillful at her trade, and evinced so much of a business turn, that she was promoted to first-hand in the shop. This prosperity was not long enjoyed; for she pursued the fashionable pleasures of life, at the theatre, dancing-hall, and other gay circles, where her brilliant wit and pleasing person brought many professed friends—thus finding favor with her worldly-minded relatives.

He who lighteth every one that cometh into the world, made way to her benighted-heart. Up to the age of twenty-one, to use her own words, she was a "perfect heathen." She aimed to maintain moral respectability, which involved a contempt of all forms of religion, except that of the established church. She was prostrated with severe sickness, and taken to St. George's Hospital, where she lay, just quivering with life's faintest pulsations. The physician, after lingering awhile by her couch, whispered to the nurse, "By midnight she will be gone." Although apparently insensible, her quick ear caught the fearful words, and repeated, "'Gone!' Where am I going? Am I to die? Where shall I

go?" This was the first solemn thought of eternity that had pierced the darkness of her mind. She had, indeed, a vague idea of her mother in her coffin, and a friend lifting her to look upon her face, saying, "Your mother is in heaven, and if you are good you will go to her." This was all, of a religious character, that she had ever heard. She now longed to speak to some one about the dark future. At midnight the crisis was past, and she took, with relish, a little nourishment. Yet she waited for the usual round of the minister with painful anxiety. She had turned with scorn from his former visits, and was deaf to his words; but now, at his approach, she looked wistfully to his face, and inquired, "Where shall I go when I leave this world?" "God has a chosen people," said the clergyman, "and if you are once elected to grace, you will be safe—God will take care of His own." "But if I am not of the elect—I am lost, am I?" "God has ordered all things according to His infinite wisdom, and we cannot
* change His holy purposes." This, with similar remarks, plunged her deeper into darkness, until her distress became almost intolerable. She had heard that Christ died for sinners,—then why not for poor Susan? she said. In this state of blindness she had so far recovered as to leave the hospital.

Not long after, as she was passing along Queen street, she heard the voice of prayer, and eagerly pressed her way into the chapel where the dissenting Methodists were engaged in worship. She took a seat near the door, as she thought unnoticed. Upward rolled the fervent, agonizing prayer for souls unsaved. "Whosoever will, may come and partake of the waters of life.— Draw that dark, trembling soul to Thyself!— Open to their eyes the great overflowing fountain where all Judea and Jerusalem may wash and be cleansed!" She trembled violently; it was for her that prayer was going up, she said, and I will pray. She sank on her knees, and in sobs and tears repeated the publican's prayer, until she saw the fountain filled with blood, full, and free for all, and felt that she was cleansed therein.

Here commenced her connection with that body of people so devout and blessed of God, yet persecuted by the longer established churches and the people of the world. As has been intimated, Susan was made to feel all the bitterness that such a connection could call out from a scornful world. No one in her circle of relatives to sympathize with her, she was turned out, homeless and friendless, as fit only for a mad house. Cast down, yet not destroyed, she at last found employment, at her trade, and

secured a room with a pious friend, where she had the privilege to prepare her own food, and lodging. She had succeeded in laying by some three and one half guineas, by the closest frugality, and went out thankfully to her labor, asking no more, if she might not eat the bread of idleness, and be not cut off from communion with the people of God.

Her room on Bond street was opposite a store with a large window for displaying goods. Just as she had arrived opposite this large window, a culprit fleeing from the pursuit of the officers, dashed past her, plunging the ends of the umbrella frames she had in her arms, straight through the vast pane of the window. Almost paralyzed with the suddenness of the blow, she stood in silent contemplation of the shattered glass, when out rushed the owner of the establishment. With loud oaths and threats he demanded immediate pay for the broken glass. "This was the work of a man," she said, "who has just ran past with officers at his heels." "Who will believe that lie, madam," said the infuriated merchant; "there are the very things in your arms that has been through the glass." "Let me step in out of this crowd," said the trembling young woman, "and I will explain." With oaths he led the way inside the store, and confronted the accused

with withering look and burning anger. "I have not the sum you claim," she said, after calmly explaining the accident. "Yet unjust as your demand is, I will bring you all I have, and work for the remainder." "Yes, likely," he says, "if I shall see you again if I let you off with that promise. I shall keep this bundle till you return with the money." She replied that this was all the means she had to live. Yet the angry man was inexorable. Leaving her bundle on the counter, she was passing out when amid curses, she turned, looked steadily in his face, and in a solemn yet tender tone, said, "Remember, sir, you and I shall meet again at the judgment seat of Christ." "Ah," he shouted, "you are a prating Methodist, are you? You will get no more favors for that." With eye of pity, she said, "I shall go home and pray for you, sir, for your danger is great." She went to her room, out of hearing of his muttering tones, and shut herself up alone with God, and prayed just as such a lacerated, trusting heart might pray. The next evening at the regular class-meeting, Miss Wakeman at the close, related the interview with the profane merchant, and closed by requesting the sisters to pray for the poor lost man. Old sister Manning remarked, "God will be in this affair, you may trust my word." Somewhat comforted, she

returned to her room, and again shut herself in her room to pray.

Her simple breakfast was scarce completed next morning, when she was told that a gentleman awaited her at the door. What was her surprise to find the merchant with the bundle of work. "Good morning," was the salutation, with an attempt at stern dignity, "I called to say, as you were dependent on this work for your bread, I would give it up for the three and one-half guineas you said you had in your possession." The money was advanced; and he had passed a few steps from the door, when turning with an air of affected indifference, said, "Miss Wakeman, shall you pass our way to-day?" "Yes," she said. "Will you give us a call?" was the hesitating reply. He seemed struggling with emotions which he wished to conceal. With this singular request he passed rapidly down the street. We may imagine the feelings of our humble seamstress as she plied her needle in her little room. Now and then a tear of gratitude to her Heavenly Friend dimmed her eyes, or fell upon her work. The last stitch was at last set. With face bespeaking a calm and holy trust, she once more stood before the counter of the merchant. After some indifferent questions about her work, the pay she made, &c., were respectfully answered,

he, at last, as if by a desperate effort, broke out resolutely, maintaining that same air of indifference. "I believe you said something the other day about praying for me, did you?" "I did sir; I promised to pray for you, and I have kept my word." "Then you think there is something in this praying, do you?" "God can hear and answer prayer," was the calm reply. Looking sternly in her face, he said, "Well then, I hope you will just pray that I may get a little rest to-night; for I have not slept any since you was here the other day." "That then is the answer to my prayer. God is calling you to repentance, he wills the salvation of your soul. As you value life more than death, I entreat you not to turn away from Him that speaketh from Heaven." His face was pale, a free perspiration stood on his forehead, and with tremulous voice and a forced levity, repeated, "You just pray that I may get some sleep, will you, ma'am?" "I will pray that God may prepare you for the great day, when we all shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ;" and with these words passed out of the store. The next day and the day following as she passed on her way to the shop, the store was closed. The third day, feeling some anxiety, she passed very slowly, hoping to see some one of whom she might

inquire, as she had noticed the day previous that the knockers on the door were muffled, and she had no doubt that the sin burdened man was the sick one within. She passed and repassed on the opposite sidewalk until the door was opened and a servant girl came out. She inquired who was sick. "My master is very sick," was the reply. "He is constantly raving about the judgment seat of Christ, and about that money. He talks all the time." "I think I know the cause of this raving and worry. When the physician comes again, please ask him if I may see his patient, and please tell him what I have said. I will come to-morrow and hear his answer." On the following morning she spent some half an hour with the kitchen maid before the doctor came down from the room of his patient to give an answer respecting the proposal left with the maid. When the doctor came in, and learned who the caller was, he said sarcastically, "Then you think you have more skill than we have. You suppose you can cure Mr. Perkins?" (the merchant.) She said, "I think he may be suffering from some mental trouble, and I might be a benefit to him if I could see him." "Well, well, walk up," said the doctor; "let us see what you can do." No sooner had she entered the room than Mr. Perkins stretched out his

hands exclaiming, "I know it was wrong, it was unjust — you shall have it back again every penny." As soon as Miss Wakeman could be heard, she said, "I have not come for the money; I do not want it, and more, I shall never take it back; so pray think no more of that,— think of your soul,—yield to the spirit that has been teaching you the way of life and true happiness." "Madame," interrupted the doctor, "we don't need any preaching here now; if Mr. Perkins wishes anything of the kind, we will send for the Dean of Carlisle." "Who is the Dean of Carlisle," said she, "but an Infidel, sir, like yourself. Is it not true that he has only strengthened you and this poor sick man in your rebellion and rejection of the true light, in your secret meetings?" As might be expected, these bold words stung a little too deeply in the conscience of the doctor, to allow any further development of his private associations. Although he had opened the door with an air that seemed to say, you can retire now, yet with solemn tenderness, she continued, "Beware, doctor, how you stand between this immortal soul and endless life; a solemn, fearful requisition will be made at your hands in the day of judgment."

As she turned to the door, the sick man besought her not to forsake him, for he was a

poor lost man. Promising to call again, she went down to the kitchen, and prayed and conversed with the servant. She found there was no Bible in that magnificent dwelling, and left word to the master, that the word of God must be in his house and that his wife, who had been sent away on account of some disagreement, must be restored, before she could hope, or encourage him to hope, for favor with God. Soon after, she learned that the wife had been reconciled to her husband, also that his distress was even greater than ever. "I am lost! I am lost!" was his mournful cry. Miss Wakeman read to him such portions of the scriptures as, "Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "What is that? Paul the chief of sinners? Was he ever so great a sinner as I? Yet he was saved. There, now I see a faint gleam of hope just breaking into a crevice of the dark dungeon in which I have been groping; yes, a little light. Perhaps I may yet find mercy." After pointing him to Christ as the great mediator, she offered prayer for the penitent seeker, his wife, the happy kitchen maid, and other attendants being present.

The events here described, occurred some forty years since, when Wesleyan Methodism was in its infancy. Then it was no uncommon

thing for females to be ordained as preachers, having their appointed circuits, and they were instrumental in winning many to Christ. Father Bunting, Robert Newton, Adam Clark, and others, under whose ministrations Miss Wake-man had lived, encouraged personal effort by all Christians, male and female, in every lane of life. The fearless adventure of Miss W. was no new feature of those times.

On the faintest dawning of hope, the merchant was hurried away to a watering place, many miles distant, and thus all means of learning the progress in his new life were cut off. Miss Wake-man did not fail, however, to remember him in her prayers. Months passed, when she was happily surprised by a letter written in behalf of the maid she had first seen on the steps, by which she learned that the maid had attended her master through all his sickness, and by excessive care and watching, became prostrated and was with her mother in Gloucestershire. She had enjoyed great peace, and was now ready to depart and be with Christ. She expressed unbounded gratitude to the friend who first pointed out the way of life. Her master, she said, had gone to Heaven, strong in hope. He had made some provision for her in his will; and had often been heard to say, with deep emotion, that he thanked God that his window was

broken by the umbrella frames of a devoted Christian, which was the means of saving his soul.

Both master and servant died rejoicing in hope; fruits of the persevering labors and prayers of a humble female. Miss W. was ever seeking like opportunities of usefulness, often speaking to the stranger in the street or shop about the interest of the soul. It was her custom to go out every Sabbath morning, for the purpose of dropping religious tracts into the hands of such as were violating that holy day; and many through her labors were brought to a knowledge of Christ. She came to America, where she died a few years since, a member of a F. W. Baptist church, the wife of one of its worthy ministers.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 5, 1860.

MY DEAR CHRISTIANA,—You had a long epistle from my heart, as soon as I read your precious letter. But I can only write a little even now after this long time. How ashamed I am of not writing, when you could write, watching with the sick. But how can you do so much? are you made of iron? Your little sketches, the "dream" and the "serenade," are

just what we want: they are the singing of the heart from a mother. Oh, how I wept over them! The more, I suppose, because it took me to the time when you and I were girls, studying at the old Academy. How little we knew then how happy we were. I enclose three dollars, to encourage you to write us some more of the "singings of the heart." Wish we could afford to offer you enough to make it an object for you to write; but ours is a labor of love, we do not make any money by the Journal. Write when you can. Yours with much love,

C. O. H.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, —.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIEND,—I have been waiting a few days, since receiving yours, to write you a long letter; but I cannot do it tonight. What words could I speak that would be of any avail to you? None but the blessed Jesus can comfort you, and I feel assured He will. Your darling has gone a little before you. The Lord doeth all things well, but how mysterious. I enclose in this, five dollars for your articles,—wish we were able to double it. Shall we hear from you again? Do not exert yourself too much. May the choicest blessings rest on you and yours. I know you will be sustained, my dear precious friend.

Good bye,

CAROLINE.

LINES WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE
HER DEPARTURE.

September, 24th, 1862.— Another birth day. Forty-one years I have journeyed on earth ; but now my pilgrimage is almost done. Two years I have been coughing and failing, and now am just on the brink of the grave.

On the 3d of February a darling little boy, Eugene, sickened and went to Heaven. The blow and the care so prostrated my feeble frame, that I thought the hour of my release was at hand, and rejoiced at the bright prospect which was before me ; but my hour had not yet come. From that time to the present has been a scene of suffering with me, vain for me to attempt to describe. An ulcerated throat that destroyed my voice, rendered whispering painful, and the taking of food and drink almost an impossibility. Poor frail nature shrank from the prospect of such a lingering, suffering death as was before me, and often was ready to cry out, " Father, if it be possible let this cup pass." Long I labored to submit, and grace at last prevailed ; and now I would not choose my manner of death ; for I feel that my Father is dealing with me in love. He has gently borne me down almost to the grave,— my strength is almost gone, yet He is

near me day and night and keeps my mind in perfect peace. For several days there has been a beautiful view, like a panorama, stretching out before my inner vision. I see a broad bay, its waters sparkling with sapphire, gold and purple hues. Its splendor is beyond the mid-day light,—on its farther banks I see the glittering domes of a vast city. Oh, glorious City of our God! Its walls are sparkling in the eternal light of the divine glory.

September, 26th.—Last night, whenever I awoke, there was a green field spread out before me, the clean grass so smooth, the field so broad and beautiful, my silent soul would sing,

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green.”

Thus has the long night of sickness been now and then lighted with a few bright gleams of the land to which I am going. Sometimes I have made several fruitless attempts to swallow cold water, but have set down the glass with the glorious vision springing up before me, of the crystal fountains of life that forever sparkle and leap in the light of God’s eternal love; no parched lips,—no fevered brain, no more pain or death.—The day before her death she wrote, “I know the pain and loneliness you will feel when I am gone. It seems to me that I shall

often come and look upon you. May Heaven bless and comfort you all; for you have spared no pains for my comfort. I thank you for your constant kindness. Some of you will soon follow, no doubt. Oh, I pray above all things that you may be ready! Pray daily."

UNDERHILL CENTRE, VERMONT, JULY 8, 1861.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I unexpectedly learn that you are quite sick, and declining. I can truly say I am sorry, for I have always prayed that your health might be preserved and your life prolonged many years, that you might do much more good still. May the Lord bless you and be to you as precious in affliction as he has been to you in health. I trust you will find Him much more so, for He is a very present help in the time of need. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord will deliver them out of them all." One week ago I took up the *Star*. I looked for C. B. C., and found the article entitled "Angel Carrie." I read and wept, wept and read, then closed the piece and wept. I have read other articles of yours equally as touching, but peculiar impressions concerning you, bore upon my heart at that time. The next I hear from you is that you

are languishing. How much I have been cheered by your pen when forlorn and weary, among these Green Mountains.

Dear aunt, may a good share of Heaven's best blessings rest upon you, that if your flesh and heart shall fail, God will be the strength of your heart and your portion forever. Amen.

SHEM.

In April, before her departure to the land of rest beyond the river, in October, her voice failed so she could only be heard in a low whisper. So anxious were her family and friends that she might recover, the most skillful physicians were consulted, who thought that a change of air and climate might be beneficial in restoring health, much more than any medicine that could be prescribed, if it was possible that health *could* be restored. Having a sister residing in Schenectady, New York, and a brother in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and kind friends in places between, who were all very solicitous that she should undertake a journey west, especially her brother and sister. Arrangements were made, and in June she started for Iowa, stopping in Lawrence and Chelsea a few days.

She then went to visit her sister in Schenectady. The change of air and the journey seemed to revive her so much that she indulged in the fond hope that she should be able to visit her brother in Iowa; and in July 15th, she wrote as follows:

DEAR HUSBAND:—I have just received this full letter from brother Lorenzo, one page of which, containing a repetition of directions, I have cut out. I am in haste to get it to you; so I will not stop to write much. The dreadful soreness of my throat proves to be a large ulcer which broke yesterday. My throat is still sore, yet relieved of the acute inflammation. I have used poultices every night,—feel quite smart to-day, and can speak a little by great effort; but don't think it safe to try. You see brother L. has made the way quite plain for me to go west. What do you think? As to strength, I am as well able (and more so) as I was to come here; and these resting places among friends look quite comfortable; but I much rather have company, yet am not afraid to start alone. Is it possible for you to come and go now? Is it best for me to go? It is a decision for life; perhaps I may last long enough to see you all

settled there, and thereby serve a better purpose than my poor life can otherwise do.

Yours in haste, C. B. C.

Extracts from a letter dated Aug. 11th, 1862.

DEAR HUSBAND : — My throat is so bad I feel anxious to be at home ; as I cannot have company for a week or two, hence it seems necessary for me to send for you. Come as soon as you can ; perhaps you may get this so I can get home Saturday night. Don't be alarmed about me. It is all my throat, which is covered with little ulcers, and is very hard to bear ; yet my strength must be failing, and I think the sooner I am at home the better.

Yours kindly, C. B. COWELL.

Saturday morning she started for home, although very feeble ; arriving in Boston, she consulted a lung physician, who, after examination, did not give much encouragement, but ordered Hypophosphites and some other medicine to give temporary relief. She went to Chelsea, and tarried with a very kind family over the Sabbath, whose kindness was often referred to after her arrival at home. Monday she arrived at home, and was received by rejoicing as well as weeping friends, to meet again

upon the shores of time. She continued failing until the 8th of October, when with the setting sun, she departed, as calm and serene as the sun hides beyond the western hills, to her long sought and expected home in Heaven.

During her long and distressing sickness, not a murmur was known to escape her lips, often conversing with her companion with a smile on her countenance, as though she was about to start on a pleasant journey. At one time, while he was sitting by her bedside, taking her by the hand, and seeing her flesh had almost all wasted away, he said, "O Christiana, the worms will not have much to feast upon, but there is enough left to be made immortal." With a smile and heavenly glow upon her countenance, and a halo of light around her head, it seemed as though angels had come to take her home. Such a sight he never saw on earth before. Before her departure she gave directions as to her funeral, and being inquired of, what text of scripture she would like to have a sermon preached from, remarked, that during the long nights of distress, she had often thought of the land of rest, where she soon expected to be,

that there would be no night there. Sermon preached by Rev. E. True, to a large congregation. Text, "And there shall be no night there." Singing at the grave by the choir:—"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely."

Why should I stay when thou art gone,
The sunshine of my life;
How can I bear to meet alone,
The conflict and the strife.

[For the Morning Star.]

DECLENSION OF ZION WITH OMENS OF GOOD.

While again to plaintive numbers,
I yield my harp's long silent string,
Standing amid her desolation,
Of what but Zion can I sing?

Once did thousands like a current,
Toward her happy borders flow,
Saying the Lord of hosts is with you,
And thither let us also go.*

But who that to the combat rushes,
Nor force with adverse force compares,†
But what when mighty foes assail him,
Is slain—or worse—dismayed, retires.

Thus fearfully, the foes of Zion,
Have broken through her walls and gates,
Her half equipped, unwary soldiers,
How coward-like her ranks forsake.

And many harps whose holy anthem
Rising to heaven, the faintest cheered,
Are hung neglected on the willow,
And her sweet minstrels disappeared.

Her watchmen — Ah! who knows their sighing,
While with slow and mournful tread,
They pace her walls, and blow the trumpet,
If yet they may not wake her dead.

But cease, my heart, this sad bemoaning,
E'en now, I hear the watchmen cry,
There is a distant chariot's rumbling,
Thy king, O Zion, draweth nigh.

He hath beheld a prayerful incense
Ascending round his holy throne,
And comes to lift the heavy night-pall
That o'er his bride hath lingered long.

Then wake, O Zion, ope thy portals,
Let thy glorious Lord come in,
To walk majestic through thy palaces,
And make thy sanctuaries clean.

C. B. C.

* Zach. viii: 23.

† Luke xiv: 31.

AWAITING DEATH.—AN INVALID'S SONG.

BY CRADLE-SIDE.

Awaiting death, yet not with dread,
No gloomy spectre haunts my bed,
No lurid wings above me wave
No ghostly hand points down the grave.
No, all is light, one clear pure light,
Deep in the heart, burns day and night,
While far, a widening circle seems
All radiant with its hallowed gleams.

Then, welcome death, haste thy approach,
Calmly we wait thy chilling touch,
Behold this feebly heaving breast
Here let thy palsy hand be prest
T' this beating heart, speak, if thou will,
And bid its life-long throbs be still —
The current of this life-blood stay,
Turn all this wasted flesh to clay.

Yes, close these eyes — press back this breath,
And all thou canst, is done, O death.
See now! a glorious life revealed!
By Christ secured, with Him concealed
It lives, it triumphs in this hour,
Beyond thy reach, O mystic power!

Up through the shining depths it springs,
While songs of praise it sweetly sings.
Then there's to me no death, no grave,
I see but Him who died to save,
Arrayed in grandeur, love and light,
'Tis Jesus *fills* my wondering sight.

THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

MRS. C. B. COWEL.

1. Are you waiting, an - gel moth-er; Thinking strange of my de - lay; D'd the lov - ing an - gels
 2. O my dar - ling an - gel children, How my heart was rent with pain, When our fa - ther took you

CHORUS.

tell you, That your child was on the way? Yes, I'm com - ing moth-er, com - ing
 from me, Now with joy we'll meet a - gain.

THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

MRS. CHRISTIANA B. COWELL.

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Slow - ly down the riv - er - side, Where the vail'd and mys-tic boatman, Waits to bear me o'er the tide.

The musical score consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody, and the second and third staves contain the accompaniment. The tempo/mood is marked 'Slow - ly'.

3. For I'm coming, darling, coming

Feebly to the river-side,

Where beside the same pa'e boatman,

I shall cross the mystic tide.

CHORUS. -- Yes, I'm coming, &c.

4. When through weary hours I've counted,

Step by step time's solemn tramp,

As the night hung dark and heavy,

All the air press'd chill and damp.

CHORUS. -- Yes, I'm coming, &c.

5. Suddenly from o'er the river,

Silvery chimes broke on my ear ;

Infant voices seemed to whisper,

Hasten to us, mother dear !

CHORUS. -- Yes, I'm coming, &c.

6. Yes, my darlings, only waiting

'Till our Father bids me come,

Sitting by the bright glad river,

Waiting to be carried home.

CHORUS. -- Yes, I'm coming, &c.

[From the Mothers' Journal.]

TALKS WITH OUR FRIENDS.

THE LAST LETTER FROM "CRADLE-SIDE."—Soon after the death of the lamented Mrs. Cowell, the well known "Cradle-side," we received from the hands of her husband and daughter, a package of papers designed for us, and containing articles sketched by her during a protracted sickness. These have since appeared in our pages. With these there were some lines, traced faintly in pencil marks, for ourself, intended to give us some conception of her feelings as she steadily approached the dark river. Though meant for us, there is no reason why we should withhold them from those who have so often read with pleasure and profit her contributions. They speak for themselves. They show with what calm serenity she awaited the hour of her triumph. She has conquered and is at rest. We have before us the last lines from her hand. We part from her as from a sister greatly beloved and greatly missed; a mother whose heart beat with earnest desire to counsel and encourage mothers. We bid her farewell on earth to meet her, when our work is done, in heaven.

DEAR MRS. HISCOX,—Your darling boys

have sometimes had the promise, as the sultry months came on, that they should leave the hot city, and go back into the cool, pleasant country. How often have you heard them talk of their plan for enjoyment, seen in imaginations the water-wheels in the brooks, the wind-mill on the shed, the free and happy gambols among the trees and fruits and flowers! How happy the young hearts have been with joy, to the brim and overflowing!

Well, just like that, with all that child-like simplicity and assurance, I find myself arranging my joys in that upper country to which I am going. First, I dwell upon my happy entrance into that glorious place. It seems to me, when I find myself once passed through the door, and shall stand face to face with Christ, "the Way, the Truth, the Life," the resurrection and the power, the Mediator through whose suffering and great love I have been saved, I shall fall prostrate at his feet and worship and adore. And should He raise me up, I shall fall again and again, until I have poured out the full tide of praise and gratitude and adoration for the wondrous love and wisdom that has redeemed a world from endless woe. I have dwelt on this soul-thrilling point as I have lain on the bed of sickness, until my pillow has been wet with tears of tender emotion.

Then I think further, should my Saviour see fit to withdraw himself, and bid me survey the hosts of heaven and the glories thereof, I would begin to look for the dear ones that were mine on earth. Now I see flying toward me a shining trio, my darling babes hovering down around me,—shall I indulge the thought,—calling me "*Mother*." Yes, mother! Mother of angels! How rapturously shall I embrace them, hold them back to look in their faces, and recognize all those sweet lineaments that pained memory had reviewed again and again, and tried to hold distinctly in her grasp. Yet, with the passing of the care-burdened years, these features have grown indistinct. But oh! I shall see them, so fresh, so sweet, so pure, beaming in full reciprocation of my love which on earth they could not know. Then shall we talk over the experiences since our last look of recognition on earth. The thoughts and fears as they passed alone into the untried vale of death, where my yearning heart longed to attend and cheer them, but could not.

Since writing the above I have been brought very low. Nearly six months I have suffered with ulceration of the throat, in all of which time my voice has been gone, and whispering has been painful. Truly He has appointed unto me days of weariness and nights of pain. Just

as I was gazing after the spirit of my boy, thinking to pass joyfully into the golden gate, my heavenly Father seemed to say to me, "Not yet, thy faith is to be tried as by fire." Nearly six months He has led me through suffering beyond description. Yet in all this, I can say He leads me with a gentle hand, and tempers the severity of my disease to my wasting strength. And I know that when He has sufficiently tried me I shall come forth as gold well refined.

Now that nature has almost failed, it seems that rest cannot be far off. My cup of bitterness has given me new appreciation of and desire for heaven, where there are no weary nights of pain, nor any dying. Can it be I soon shall be with and like my God? He takes my thoughts away to that happy land, and makes me lose sight of my thorny path. He lifts me as a gentle shepherd, bearing me in His bosom when I faint by the way. Why should I call it affliction with such tender care? No! 'Tis sweet to fall into His hands.

In the review of my maternal life, I see many points passed over, in doubt whether I had chosen the right way, and a fear lest at the last I should see and regret. But no such regrets came. No more light appears on the misty points, yet one silver thread runs far

back through it all—a desire to do right! How deeply I have felt for the worn, toiling mothers, and have loved to send some word of cheer to their perplexed hearts.

But my work is done. Heaven forgive its imperfections. Farewell.





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